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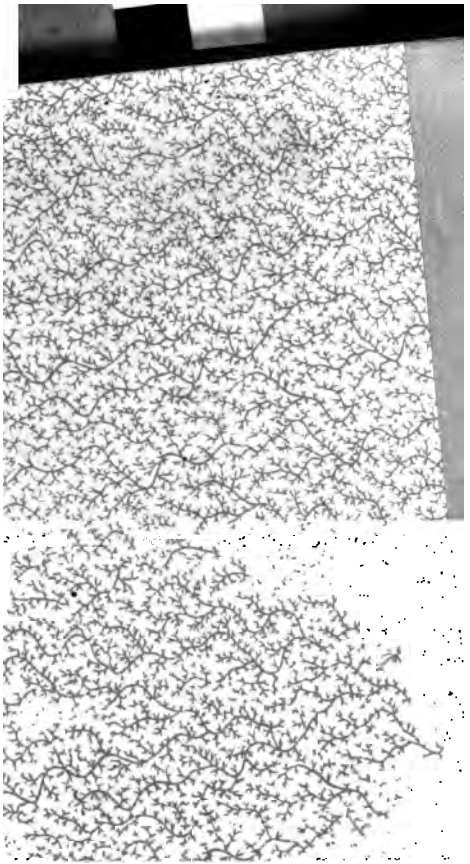

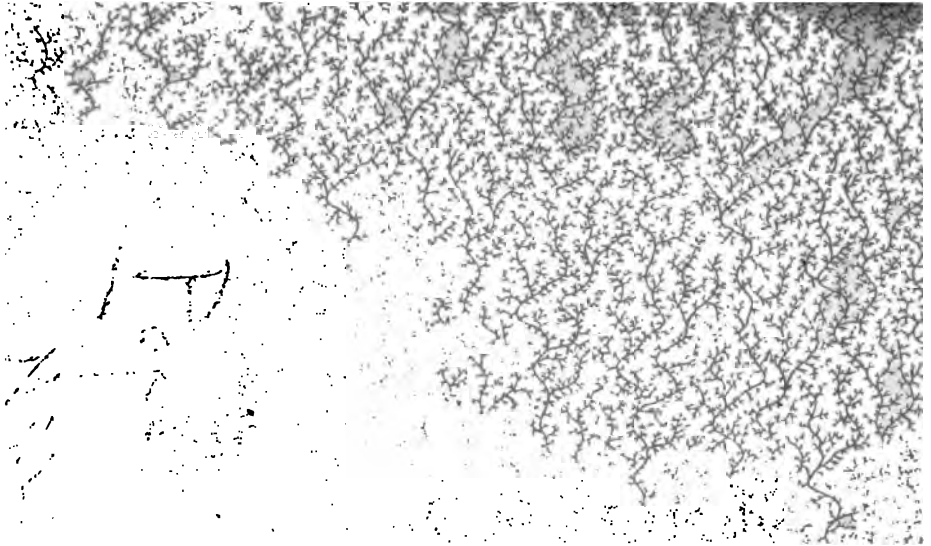

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE,

WITH HIS LAST

CORRECTIONS, ADDITIONS,

AND

IMPROVEMENTS.

FROM THE TEXT OF DR. WARBURTON.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

VOL. II.

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THE

RAPE OF THE LOCK,

AN

HEROI-COMICAL POEM.

[Written in the Year 1712.]

TO

MRS. ARABELLA FERMOR.

MADAM,

IT will be in vain to deny that I have some regard for this Piece, since I dedicate it to you. Yet you may bear me witness, it was intended only to divert a few young ladies, who have good sense and good humour enough to laugh not only at their sex's little unguarded follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the air of a secret, it soon found its way into the world. An imperfect copy having been offered to a bookseller, you had the

good-nature, for my sake, to consent to the p
cation of one more correct: this I was force
before I had executed half my design, for the
chinery was entirely wanting to complete it.

The machinery, Madam, is a term invented by
critics, to signify that part which the deities,
gels, or dæmons, are made to act in a poem:
the ancient poets are in one respect like many
dern ladies, let an action be ever so trivial i
self, they always make it appear of the utmost
portance. These machines I determined to r
on a very new and odd foundation, the Rosicru
doctrine of spirits.

I know how disagreeable it is to make use of h
words before a lady; but it is so much the conc
of a poet to have his works understood, and pa
cularly by your sex, that you must give me le
to explain two or three difficult terms.

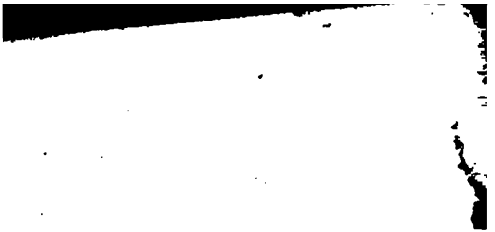
The Rosicrusians are a people I must bring you
quainted with. The best account I know of
is in a French book called *Le Comte de Ga*
which, both in its title and size, is so like a n
that many of the fair sex have read it for o
mistake. According to these gentlemen, the

elements are inhabited by spirits, which they call Sylphs, Gnomes, Nymphs, and Salamanders. The gnomes, or dæmons of earth, delight in mischief; but the sylphs, whose habitation is in the air, are the best-conditioned creatures imaginable: for they say, any mortal may enjoy the most intimate familiarities with these gentle spirits, upon a condition very easy to all true adepts, an inviolate preservation of chastity.

As to the following Cantos, all the passages of them are as fabulous as the Vision at the beginning, or the Transformation at the end; (except the loss of your hair, which I always mention with reverence.) The human persons are as fictitious as the airy ones; and the character of Belinda, as it is now managed, resembles you in nothing but in beauty.

If this Poem had as many graces as there are in your person, or in your mind, yet I could never hope it should pass through the world half so uncensured as you have done. But let its fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me this occasion of assuring you that I am, with the truest esteem,

MADAM,
Your most obedient, humble servant,
A. POPE.



THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos;
Sed juvat, hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis. *Mart.*

CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from am'rous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing—This verse to Caryl, Muse! is due:
This, e'en Belinda may vouchsafe to view:
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
If she inspire, and he approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, Goddess! could compel
A well-bred lord t'assault a gentle belle?
O say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,
Could make a gentle belle reject a lord?
In tasks so bold can little men engage?
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage?

Sol through white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,
And op'd those eyes that must eclipse the day:
Now lap-dogs give themselves the rouzing shake,
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake:
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,
And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.

downy pillow prest,
ylph prolong'd the balmy rest:
summon'd to her silent bed
dream that hover'd o'er her head:
glitt'ring than a birthnight-beau
slumber caus'd her cheek to glow)
r ear his winning lips to lay,
whispers said, or seem'd to say:
mortals, thou distinguish'd care
bright inhabitants of air!
vision touch'd thy infant-thought,
urse and all the priest have taught;
es by moonlight shadows seen,
token, and the circled green,
s visited by angel pow'rs,
len crowns and wreaths of heav'nly fl
believe! thy own importance know,
l thy narrow views to things below.
et truths, from learned pride concea
alone and children are reveal'd;
ugh no credit doubting wits may gi
nd innocent shall still believe.
n, unnumber'd spirits round thee fl
militia of the lower sky:
ough unseen, are ever on the win
the box, and hover round the ri

Think what an equipage thou hast in air,
And view with scorn two pages and a chair.
As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once inclos'd in woman's beauteous mould;
Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
From earthly vehicles to those of air.
Think not, when woman's transient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead;
Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And though she plays no more, oe'rlooks the cards.
Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
And love of Ombre, after death survive.
For when the fair in all their pride expire,
To their first elements their souls retire:
The sprites of fiery termagants in flame
Mount up, and take a salamander's name.
Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea.
The graver prude sinks downward to a gnome,
In search of mischief still on earth to roam.
The light coquettes in sylphs aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the fields of air.
Know further yet; whoever, fair and chaste,
Rejects mankind, is by some sylph embrac'd:
For spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
Assume what sexes and what shapes they please.

hat guards the purity of melting maids,
courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,
afe from the treach'rous friend, the daring spark,
he glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,
When music softens, and when dancing fires?
'Tis but their sylph, the wise celestials know,
Though Honour is the word with men below.

Some nymphs there are too conscious of their face,
For life predestin'd to the gnomes' embrace.
These swell their prospects and exalt their pride,
When offers are disdain'd, and love deny'd:
Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,
While peers, and dukes, and all their sweeping train,
And garters, stars, and coronets appear,
And in soft sounds, Your Grace salutes their ear.
'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,
Teach infant cheeks a bidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a beau.

Oft, when the world imagine women stray,
The sylphs through mystic mazes guide their way
Through all the giddy circle they pursue,
And old impertinence expel by new.

What tender maid but must a victim fall
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?

When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand
If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?
With varying vanities, from ev'ry part,
They shift the moving toyshop of their heart;
Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-kn
strive,
Beaus banish beaus, and coaches coaches drive.
This erring mortals levity may call:
Oh blind to truth! the sylphs contrive it all.
Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name;
Late, as I rang'd the crystal wilds of air,
In the clear mirror of thy ruling star
I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning sun descend;
But Heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where:
Warn'd by thy sylph, oh, pious maid, beware!
This to disclose is all thy guardian can:
Beware of all, but most beware of man! [I
He said; when Shock, who thought she slept
Leap'd up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongu
'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
Thy eyes first open'd on a billet-doux;
Wounds, charms, and ardours, were no sooner re
But all the vision vanish'd from thy head.
And now, unvail'd, the toilet stands display'd,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.

, rob'd in white, the nymph intent adores,
i head uncover'd, the cosmetic pow'rs.
:av'nly image in the glass appears,
:hat she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
embling begins the sacred rites of pride.
mumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
ie various off'rings of the world appear;
rom each she nicely culls with curious toil,
nd decks the goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box;
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy sylphs surround their darling care;
These set the head, and those divide the hair;
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown;
And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

CANTO II.

Not with more glories, in th' etherial plain,
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.
Fair nymphs and well-dress'd youths around her shone;
But ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those:
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends:
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide:
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.
This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourish'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth iv'ry neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.

With hairy springes we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey,
Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Th' advent'rous Baron the bright locks admir'
He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd.
Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask if fraud or force attain'd his ends.

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implor'd
Propitious Heav'n, and ev'ry power ador'd,
But chiefly Love—to Love an altar built,
Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves;
And all the trophies of his former loves:
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three am'rous sighs to raise the fire
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize.
The pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r
The rest the winds dispers'd in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides;
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And soften'd sounds along the waters die:

Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smil'd, and all the world was gay.
All but the sylph—with careful thoughts oppress'd,
Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
He summons straight his denizens of air;
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair:
Soft o'er the shrouds aërial whispers breathe,
That seem but zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold;
Transparent forms too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light,
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew,
Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,
While ev'ry beam new transient colours flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd;
His purple pinions open'd to the sun,
He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun.
Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear;
Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Dæmons, hear!
Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assign'd
By laws eternal to th' aërial kind.

Some in the fields of purest æther play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day:
Some guide the course of wand'ring orbs on high,
Or roll the planets through the boundless sky:
Some, less refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light,
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests in the wintry main,
Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.
Others, on earth, o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
Of these the chief the care of nations own,
And guard with arms divine the British throne.

Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale;
To draw fresh colours from the vernal flow'rs;
To steal from rainbows ere they drop in show'rs
A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs:
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a flounce, or add a furbelow.

This day black omens threat the brightest fair
That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care;

Some dire disaster, or by force or slight;
But what, or where, the Fates have wrapp'd in night.
Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
Or some frail china-jar receive a flaw;
Or stain her honour, or her new brocade;
Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquerade;
Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball;
Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that Shock must fall.
Haste then, ye Spirits! to your charge repair:
The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her fav'rite lock;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

To fifty chosen sylphs, of special note,
We trust th' important charge, the petticoat:
Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
Though stiff with hoops and arm'd with ribs of whale;
Form a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.

Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,
Be stopp'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins;
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye:

Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clogg'd he beats his silken wings in vain;
Or allum styptics with contracting pow'r
Shrink his thin essence like a shrivell'd flow'r:
Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling mill,
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below!
He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend;
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendents of her ear;
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of Fate.

CANTO III.

Close by those meads, for ever crown'd with flow'rs,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising tow'rs,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home;
Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.

Hitherto the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste a while the pleasures of a court;
In various talk th' instructive hours they past,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At ev'ry word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, *and all that.*

Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;
The hungry Judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that Jurymen may dine;
The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labours of the toilet cease.

Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two advent'rous knights,
At Ombre singly to decide their doom,
And swells her breast with conquests yet to com
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join
Each band the number of the sacred Nine,
Soon as she spreads her hand th' aërial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card:
First Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,
Then each according to the rank they bore;
For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.
Behold, four Kings in majesty's rever'd,
With hoary whiskers and a forky beard;
And four fair Queens, whose hands sustain a flo
Th' expressive emblem of their softer pow'r;
Four Knaves, in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand
And party-colour'd troops a shining train,
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.
The skilful nymph reviews her force with ca
Let spades be trumps! she said, and trumps they
Now move to war her sable Matadores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
Spadilio first, unconquerable lord!
Let off two captive trumps, and swept the board

.s many more Manillio forc'd to yield,
.nd march'd a victor from the verdant field.
Him Basto follow'd, but his fate, more hard,
Gain'd but one trump and one plebeian card.
With his broad sabre next a chief in years,
The hoary majesty of Spades appears.
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight reveal'd;
The rest his many colour'd robe conceal'd.
The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
E'n mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew,
.nd mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu,
Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade!
Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the Baron Fate inclines the field.
His warlike Amazon her host invades,
Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades.
The club's black tyrant first her victim dy'd,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barbarous pride;
What boast the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarch's only grasps the globe?
The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace!
Th' embroider'd King, who shews but half his face,

And his refulgent Queen, with pow'rs combin'd
Of broken troops, an easy conquest find.
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strow the level green.
Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion diff'rent nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye;
The pierc'd battalions disunited fall,
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.
The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh shameful chance!) the Queen of Hea
At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;
She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.
And now (as oft in some distemper'd state)
On one nice trick depends the general fate:
An Ace of Hearts steps forth: the King unseen
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive Que
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.
The nymph, exulting, fills with shouts the sky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals, reply.
O thoughtless mortals! ever blind to Fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.

Sudden these honours shall be snatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.
For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round;
On shining altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide:
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Straight hover round the Fair her airy band;
Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see thro' all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
New stratagems, the radient Lock to gain.
Ah cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too late;
Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injur'd hair!
But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case:

So ladies, in romance, assist their knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with rev'rence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers' ends:
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
Swift to the Lock a thousand sprites repair,
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew ne
Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the Virgin's thought:
As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
He watch'd th' ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his pow'r expir'd;
Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.

The Peer now spreads the glitt'ring forfex wid
T' inclose the Lock; now joins it to divide.
Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
A wretched sylph too fondly interpos'd;
Fate urg'd the sheers, and cut the sylph in twain,
(But airy substance soon unites again;)
The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!

Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying Heav'n are cast,
When husbands, or when lap-dogs, breathe their last;
Or when rich China vessels, fall'n from high,
In glitt'ring dust and painted fragments lie!
Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,
(The victor cry'd) the glorious prize is mine!
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and six the British fair,
As long as Atalantis shall be read,
Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed,
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
While nymps take treats, or assignations give,
So long my honour, name, and praise shall live!
What time would spare, from steel receives its date,
And monuments, like men, submit to Fate!
Steel could the labours of the gods destroy,
And strike to dust th' imperial tow'rs of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair Nymph! thy hair should feel
The conqu'ring force of unresisted steel?

CANTO IV.

But anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress,
And secret passions labour'd in her breast.
Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive,
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss,
Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiss,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her mantua's pinn'd awry,
E'er felt such rage, resentment and despair,
As thou, sad virgin! for thy ravish'd hair.

For, that sad moment, when the sylphs withdrew
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
As ever sully'd the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
Repair'd to search the gloomy cave of Spleen.

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the gnome,
And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.
No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows,
The dreaded East is all the wind that blows.
Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne; alike in place,
But diff'ring far in figure and in face.
Here stood Ill-nature, like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd!
With store of pray'rs for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with lampoons.
There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.
A constant vapour o'er the palace flies;
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise;
Dreadful as hermits' dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright as visions of expiring maids.
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
And crystal domes, and angels in machines.
Unnumber d throngs on ev'ry side are seen,
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by spleen.
Here living tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout;

A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod, walks ;
Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pye talks ;
Men prove with child, as pow'rful Fancy works,
And maids, turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.
Safe past the gnome through this fantastic band,
A branch of healing spleenwort in his hand.
Then thus address'd the pow'r--Hail, wayward que
Who rule the sex from fifty to fifteen :
Parent of vapours and of female wit,
Who give th' hysteric or poetic fit,
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble plays ;
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray :
A nymph there is that all your pow'r disdains,
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
But oh ! if e'er thy gnome could spoil a grace,
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like citron-waters matron' cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a losing game ;
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caus'd suspicion when no soul was rude,
Or discompos'd the head-dress of a prude,
Or e'er to costive lap-dog gave disease,
Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease

Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin;
That single act gives half the world the spleen.
The goddess, with a discontented air,
Seems to reject him, though she grants his pray'r.
A wond'rous bag with both her hands she binds,
Like that where once Ulysses held the winds;
There she collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.
A vial next she fills with fainting fears,
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The gnome rejoicing bears her gift away,
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.
Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound.
Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
And all the furies issu'd at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
O wretched maid! she spread her hands, and cry'd,
(While Hampton's echoes, wretched maid! reply'd)
Was it for this you took such constant care
The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?
For this your Locks in paper durance bound?
For this with tort'ring irons wreath'd around?
For this with fillets strain'd your tender head?
And bravely bore the double loads of lead?

Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
While the fops envy, and the ladies stare!
Honour forbid! at whose unrivall'd shrine
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
Methinks already I your tears survey,
Already hear the horrid things they say,
Already see you a degraded toast,
And all your honour in a whisper lost!
How shall I, then, your hapless fame defend?
'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
Expos'd through crystal to the gazing eyes,
And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?
Sooner shall grass in Hyde-park circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow;
Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all!
She said; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
And bids her beau demand the precious hairs:
(Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane,)
With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,
He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,
And thus broke out—"My Lord, why, what the devil!
"Z—ds! damn the Lock! 'fore Gad, you must be civil!

"Plague on't! 'tis past a jest—nay, prithee, pox!
"Give her the hair"—He spoke, and rapp'd his box.
It grieves me much (reply'd the peer again)
Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain:
But by this Lock, this sacred Lock, I swear,
(Which never more shall join its parted hair;
Which never more its honours shall renew,
Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew,)
That, while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.
He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread
The long-contended honours of her head.
But Umbriel, hateful gnome! forbears not so;
He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow.
Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half languishing, half drown'd in tears;
On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head,
Which with a sigh she rais'd; and thus she said:
For ever curs'd be this detested day,
Which snatch'd my best, my fav'rite curl away!
Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton-Court these eyes had never seen!
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid,
By love of courts to num'rous ills betray'd.
Oh had I rather unadmir'd remain'd
In some lone isle, or distant northern land;

Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taste Boh
There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal
Like roses that in deserts bloom and die.
What mov'd my mind with youthful lords to ro
O had I stay'd, and said my pray'rs at home!
'Twas this the morning omens seem'd to tell;
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-bo
The tott'ring China shook without a wind;
Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkin
A sylph, too, warn'd me of the threats of Fate,
In mystic visions, now believ'd too late!
See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!
My hands shall rend what ev'n thy rapine spa
These in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck;
The sister-Lock now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal sheers demands,
And tempts once more thy sacrilegious hands.
Oh hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these.

CANTO V.

She said: the pitying audience melt in tears;
But Fate and Jove had stopp'd the Baron's ears.
In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain
While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.
Then grave Clarissa graceful wav'd her fan;
Silence ensu'd and thus the nymph began.
Say, why are beauties prais'd and honour'd most,
The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast?
Why deck'd with all the land and sea afford,
Why angels call'd, and angel-like ador'd?
Why round our coaches crowd the white glov'd beaus?
Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?
How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains;
That men may say, when we the front-box grace,
Behold the first in virtue as in face!
Oh! if to dance all night and dress all day,
Charm'd the small-pox, or chas'd old age away,
Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,
Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?
To patch, nay ogle, might become a saint;
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint,

But since, alas! frail beauty must decay;
Curl'd or uncurl'd, since Locks will turn to gray
Since painted, or not painted all shall fade,
And she who scorns a man must die a maid!
What then remains, but well our pow'r to use,
And keep good humour still whate'er we lose?
And trust me, Dear! good humour can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

So spoke the dame, bnt no applause ensu'd;
Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her Prude.
To arms, to arms! the fierce virago cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
All side in parties, and begin th' attack;
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones cra
Heroes' and heroines' shouts confus'dly rise,
And bass and treble voices strike the skies.
No common weapons in their hands are found,
Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

So when bold Homer makes the gods engage,
And heav'nly breasts with human passions rage;
'Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona, Hermes arms;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms;
Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around,
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resoun

Earth shakes her nodding tow'rs, the ground gives way,
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!
Triumphant Umbriel, on a sconce's height,
Clapp'd his glad wings, and sat to view the fight;
Prop'd on their bodkin spears, the sprites survey
The growing combat, or assist the fray.
While through the press enrag'd Thalestris flies,
And scatters death around from both her eyes,
A beau and witling perish'd in the throng;
One dy'd in metaphor, and one in song.
"O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,"
Cry'd Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,
"Those eyes are made so killing"—was his last.
Thus on Mæander's flowry margin lies
Th' expiring swan, and as he sings he dies.
When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;
She smil'd to see the doughty hero slain,
But, at her smile, the beau reviv'd again.
Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the mens' wits against the lady's hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.
See fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
With more than usual lightning in her eyes:

Nor fear'd the chief th' unequal fight to try,
Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold lord, with manly strength endu'd,
She with one finger and a thumb subdu'd:
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;
The gnomes direct, to every atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.
Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.
Now meet thy fate, incens'd Belinda cry'd,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.
(The same, his ancient personage to deck,
Her great-great-grandsire wore about his neck,
In three seal-rings; which after, melted down,
Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown:
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
The bells she gingled, and the whistle blew;
Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)
Boast not my fall (he cry'd) insulting foe!
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low.
Nor think to die dejects my lofty mind;
All that I dread is leaving you behind!
Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive.

Restore the Lock! she cries; and all around,
Restore the Lock! the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
But see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
The Lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
In ev'ry place is sought, but sought in vain:
With such a prize no mortal must be blest,
So Heav'n decrees! with Heav'n who can contest?

Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,
Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd there.
There heroes' wits are kept in pond'rous vases,
And beaus' in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases.
There broken vows, and death-bed alms are found,
And lovers' hearts with ends of riband bound,
The courtier's promises, and sick mens' pray'rs,
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dy'd butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the Muse—she saw it upwards rise,
Though mark'd by none but quick poetic eyes:
(So Rome's great founder to the heav'ns withdrew,
To Proculus alone confess'd in view.)
A sudden star, it shot through liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.

. Berenice's locks first rose so bright,
.e heav'ns bespangling with dishevell'd light.
.e sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
.nd pleas'd pursue its progress through the skies.
This the beau monde shall from the Mall survey,
And hail with music its propitious ray;
This the blest lover shall for Venus take,
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake;
This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,
When next he looks through Galilæo's eyes;
And hence th' egregious wizard shall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.
Then cease, bright Nymph! to mourn thy ravish'd [hair,
Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
Shall draw such envy as the Lock you lost.
For after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions slain yourself shall die;
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,
This Lock the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

JANUARY AND MAY:

OR

THE MERCHANT'S TALE.

FROM CHAUCER.

THERE liv'd in Lombardy, as authors write,
days of old, a wise and worthy Knight;
gentle manners, as of gen'rous race,
st with much sense, more riches, and some grace;
, led astray by Venus' soft delights,
scarce could rule some idle appetites:
long ago, let priests say what they cou'd,
eak sinful laymen were but flesh and blood.
ut in due time, when sixty years were o'er,
vow'd to lead this vicious life no more:
ether pure holiness inspir'd his mind,
dotage turn'd his brain, is hard to find;
his high courage prick'd him forth to wed,
d try the pleasures of a lawful bed.
is was his nightly dream, his daily care,
d to the heav'nly pow'rs his constant pray'r,
ce, e're he dy'd, to taste the blissful life
a kind husband and a loving wife.

These thoughts he fortify'd with reasons still,
(For none want reasons to confirm their will.)
Grave authors say, and witty poets sing,
That honest wedlock is a glorious thing:
But depth of judgment most in him appears,
Who wisely weds in his maturer years.
Then let him chuse a damsel young and fair,
To bless his age, and bring a worthy heir;
To sooth his cares, and, free from noise and strife,
Conduct him gently to the verge of life.
Let sinful bachelors their woes deplore,
Full well they merit all they feel, and more:
Unaw'd by precepts, human or divine,
Like birds and beasts, promiscuously they join;
Nor know to make the present blessing last,
To hope the future, or esteem the past:
But vainly boast the joys they never try'd,
And find divulg'd the secrets they would hide.
The marry'd man may bear his yoke with ease,
Secure at once himself and Heav'n to please;
And pass his inoffensive hours away,
In bliss all night, and innocence all day:
Tho' fortune change, his constant spouse remain
Augments his joys, or mitigates his pains.
But what so pure which envious tongues will
Some wicked wits have libell'd all the fair.

With matchless impudence they style a wife,
The dear-bought curse, and lawful plague of life
A bosom serpent, a domestic evil,
A night-invasion, and a mid-day devil.
Let not the wise these sland'rous words regard,
But curse the bones of ev'ry lying bard.
All other goods by Fortune's hand are giv'n,
A wife is the peculiar gift of Heav'n.
Vain Fortune's favours, never at a stay,
Like empty shadows, pass and glide away;
One solid comfort, our eternal wife
Abundantly supplies us all our life:
This blessing lasts (if those who try say true)
As long as heart can wish—and longer too.
Our grandsire Adam, ere of Eve possest,
Alone, and ev'n in paradise unblest,
With mournful looks the blissful scenes survey'd,
And wander'd in the solitary shade.
The Maker saw, took pity, and bestow'd
Woman, the last, and best reserv'd of God.
A wife! ah gentle deities! can he
That has a wife e'er feel adversity?
Would men but follow what the sex advise,
All things would prosper, all the world grow wise.
Thus by Rebecca's aid that Jacob won
His father's blessing from an elder son:

Abusive Nabal ow'd his forfeit life
To the wise conduct of a prudent wife:
Heroic Judith as old Hebrews show,
Preserv'd the Jews, and slew th' Assyrian foe:
At Esthers suit the persecuting sword
Was sheath'd, and Israel liv'd to bless the Lord.
These weighty motives January the sage
Maturely ponder'd in his riper age;
And, charm'd with virtuous joys, and sober life,
Would try that Christian comfort, call'd a Wife.
His friends were summon'd on a point so nice
To pass their judgment, and to give advice;
But fix'd before, and well resolv'd was he,
(As men that ask advice are wont to be.)
My friends, he cry'd, (and cast a mournful look
Around the room, and sigh'd before he spoke;)
Beneath the weight of threescore years I bend,
And, worn with cares, am hast'ning to my end:
How I have liv'd, alas! you know too well,
In worldly follies which I blush to tell;
But gracious Heav'n has op'd my eyes at last,
With due regret I view my vices past,
And, as the precept of the Church decrees,
Will take a wife, and live in holy ease:
But since by counsel all things should be done,
And many heads are wiser still than one;

Chuse you for me, who best shall be content
When my desire's approv'd by your consent.
One caution yet is needful to be told
To guide your choice; this wife must not be old.
There goes a saying, and 'twas shrewdly said,
Old fish at table, but young flesh in bed.
My soul abhors the tasteless, dry embrace
Of a stale virgin with a winter face:
In that cold season Love but treats his guest
With bean straw, and tough forage at the best.
No crafty widows shall approach my bed;
Those are too wise for batchelors to wed.
As subtle clerks by many schools are made,
Twice marri'd dames are mistresses o' th' trade:
But young and tender virgins, rul'd with ease,
We form like wax, and mould them as we please.
Conceive me, Sirs, nor take my sense amiss;
'Tis what concerns my soul's eternal bliss;
Since if I found no pleasure in my spouse,
As flesh is frail, and who (God help me) knows?
Then should I live in lewd adultery,
And sink downright to Satan when I die:
Or were I curs'd with an unfruitful bed,
The righteous end were lost for which I wed;
To raise up seed to bless the Pow'rs above,
And not for pleasure only, or for love.

Think not I dote: 'tis time to take a wife,
When vig'rous blood forbids a chaster life:
Those that are blest with store of grace divine,
May live like saints by Heav'n's consent and mine.
And since I speak of wedlock, let me say,
(As thank my stars, in modest truth I may,)
My limbs are active, still I'm sound at heart,
And a new vigour springs in ev'ry part.
Think not my virtue lost, though Time has shed
These rev'rend honours on my hoary head:
These trees are crown'd with blossoms white as sno
The vital sap then rising from below.
Old as I am, my lusty limbs appear
Like winter greens, that flourish all the year,
Now Sirs, you know to what I stand inclin'd,
Let ev'ry friend with freedom speak his mind.
He said; the rest in diff'rent parts divide;
The knotty point was urg'd on either side:
Marriage the theme on which they all declaim'd,
Some prais'd with wit, and some with reason blam'
Till, what with proofs, objections, and replies,
Each wondrous positive, and wondrous wise,
There fell between his brothers a debate;
Placebo this was call'd, and Justin that.
First to the Knight Placebo thus begun,
(Mild were his looks, and pleasing was his tone.)

Such prudence, Sir, in all your words appears,
As plainly proves experience dwells with years!
Yet you pursue sage Solomon's advice,
To work by counsel when affairs are nice:
But, with the Wise Man's leave, I must protest,
So may my soul arrive at ease and rest,
As still I hold your own advice the best.
Sir, I have liv'd a courtier all my days,
And study'd men, their manners, and their ways;
And have observ'd this useful maxim still,
To let my betters always have their will.
Nay, if my Lord affirm'd that black was white,
My word was this, "Your honour's in the right."
Th' assuming wit, who deems himself so wise,
As his mistaken patron to advise,
Let him not dare to vent his dang'rous thought;
A noble fool was never in a fault.
This, Sir, affects not you, whose ev'ry word
Is weigh'd with judgment, and befits a lord:
Your will is mine; and is (I will maintain)
Pleasing to God, and should be so to man;
At least, your courage all the world must praise,
Who dare to wed in your declining days.
Indulge the vigour of your mounting blood,
And let gray fools be indolently good,
Who, past all pleasure, damn the joys of sense,
With rev'rend dulness and grave impotence.

Justin, who silent sate, and heard the man,
Thus, with a philosophic frown, began.
A Heathen author, of the first degree,
(Who, though not faith, had sense as well as we,)
Bids us be certain our concerns to trust
To those of gen'rous principles and just.
The venture's greater, I'll presume to say,
To give your person, than your goods away:
And therefore, Sir, as you regard your rest,
First learn your lady's qualities at least:
Whether she's chaste or rampant, proud or civil,
Meek as a saint, or haughty as the devil;
Whether an easy, fond, familiar fool,
Or such a wit as no man e'er can rule.
'Tis true, perfection none must hope to find
In all this world, much less in womankind;
But if her virtues prove the larger share,
Bless the kind Fates, and think your fortune rare.
Ah, gentle Sir, take warning of a friend,
Who knows too well the state you thus commend;
And, spite of all his praises, must declare,
All he can find is bondage, cost, and care.
Heav'n knows I shed full many a private tear,
And sigh in silence, lest the world should hear;
While all my friends applaud my blissful life,
And swear no mortal's happier in a wife;

Demure and chaste as any vestal nun,
The meekest creature that beholds the sun!
But, by th' immortal Pow'rs, I feel the pain,
And he that smarts has reason to complain.
Do what you list for me: you must be sage,
And cautious sure; for wisdom is in age:
But at these years to venture on the fair!
By him who made the ocean, earth, and air,
To please a wife, when her occasions call,
Would busy the most vig'rous of us all.
And trust me, Sir, the chastest you can chuse
Will ask observance, and exact her dues.
If what I speak my noble Lord offend,
My tedious sermon here is at an end.
'Tis well, 'tis wondrous well, the Knight replies;
Most worthy kinsman, faith you're mighty wise!
We, Sirs, are fools; and must resign the cause
To Heath'nish authors, proverbs, and old saws,
He spoke with scorn, and turn'd another way:—
What does my friend, my dear Placebo, say?
I say, quoth he, by Heav'n the man's to blame,
To slander wives, and wedlock's holy name.
At this the council rose, without delay;
Each, in his own opinion, went his way;
With full consent, that, all disputes appeas'd,
The Knight should marry, when and where he pleas'd.

Who now but January exults with joy?
The charms of wedlock all his soul employ:
Each nymph by turns his wav'ring mind possest,
And reign'd the short-liv'd tyrant of his breast;
Whilst Fancy pictur'd ev'ry lively part,
And each bright image wander'd o'er his heart.
Thus, in some public forum fix'd on high,
A mirror shows the figures moving by;
Still one by one, in swift succession, pass
The gliding shadows o'er the polish'd glass.
This lady's charms the nicest could not blame,
But vile suspicions had aspers'd her fame;
That was with sense, but not with virtue blest;
And one had grace, that wanted all the rest.
Thus doubting long what nymph he should obey,
He fix'd at last upon the youthful May.
Her faults he knew not, love is always blind,
But ev'ry charm revolv'd within his mind:
Her tender age, her form divinely fair,
Her easy motion, her attractive air,
Her sweet behaviour, her inchanting face,
Her moving softness, and majestic grace.
Much in his prudence did our Knight rejoice,
And thought no mortal could dispute his choice.
Once more in haste he summon'd ev'ry friend,
And told them all their pains were at an end.

Heav'n, that (said he) inspir'd me first to wed,
Provides a consort worthy of my bed:
Let none oppose th' election, since on this
Depends my quiet, and my future bliss.
A dame there is, the darling of my eyes,
Young, beauteous, artless, innocent, and wise;
Chaste, though not rich; and, though not nobly born,
Of honest parents, and may serve my turn.
Her will I wed, if gracious Heav'n so please,
To pass my age in sanctity and ease;
And thank the Pow'rs, I may possess alone
The lovely prize, and share my bliss with none!
If you my friends, this virgin can procure,
My joys are full, my happiness is sure.
One only doubt remains: full oft, I've heard,
By casuists grave, and deep divines averr'd,
That 'tis too much for human race to know
The bliss of heav'n above, and earth below:
Now should the nuptial pleasures prove so great,
To match the blessings of the future state,
Those endless joys were ill exchang'd for these;
Then clear this doubt, and set my mind at ease.
This Justin heard, nor could his spleen control,
Touch'd to the quick, and tickled at the soul.
Sir Knight, he cry'd, if this be all your dread,
Heav'n put it past your doubt whene'er you wed;

And to my fervent pray'rs so far consent,
That ere the rites are o'er, you may repent!
Good Heav'n, no doubt, the nuptial state approves,
Since it chatises still what best it loves.
Then be not, Sir, abandon'd to despair;
Seek, and perhaps you'll find among the fair,
One that may do your bus'ness to a hair;
Not e'en in wish your happiness delay,
But prove the scourge to lash you on your way:
Then to the skies your mounting soul shall go,
Swift as an arrow soaring from the bow!
Provided still, you moderate your joy,
Nor in your pleasures all your might employ,
Let Reason's rule your strong desires abate,
Nor please too lavishly your gentle mate.
Old wives there are, of judgment most acute,
Who solve these questions beyond all dispute;
Consult with those, and be of better cheer;
Marry, do penance, and dismiss your fear.
  So said, they rose, nor more the work delay'd;
The match was offer'd, the proposals made.
The parents, you may think, would soon comply;
The old have inter'st ever in their eye.
Nor was it hard to move the lady's mind;
When fortune favours, still the fair are kind.
  I pass each previous settlement and deed,
Too long for me to write, or you to read;

Nor will with quaint impertinence display
The pomp, the pageantry, the proud array.
The time approach'd, to church the parties went,
At once with carnal and devout intent:
Forth came the priest, and bade th' obedient wife
Like Sarah or Rebecca lead her life:
Then pray'd the Pow'rs the fruitful bed to bless,
And made all sure enough with holiness.
And now the palace-gates are open'd wide,
The guests appear in order, side by side,
And, plac'd in state, the bridegroom and the bride.
The breathing flute's soft notes are heard around,
And the shrill trumpets mix their silver sound;
The vaulted roofs with echoing music ring,
These touch the vocal stops, and those the trembling [string.
Not thus Amphion tun'd the warbling lyre,
Nor Joab the sounding clarion could inspire,
Nor fierce Theodomas, whose sprightly strain
Could swell the soul to rage, and fire the martial train.
Bacchus himself, the nuptial feast to grace,
(So poets sing) was present on the place:
And lovely Venus, goddess of delight,
Shook high her flaming torch in open sight,
And danc'd around, and smil'd on ev'ry knight:
Pleas'd her best servant would his courage try,
No less in wedlock than in liberty.

Full many an age old Hymen had not spy'd
So kind a bridegroom, or so bright a bride.
Ye Bards! renown'd among the tuneful throng
For gentle lays, and joyous nuptial song,
Think not your softest numbers can display
The matchless glories of this blissful day;
The joys are such as far transcend your rage,
When tender youth has wedded stooping age.
The beauteous dame sate smiling at the board,
And darted am'rous glances at her lord.
Not Hester's self, whose charms the Hebrews sir
E'er look'd so lovely on her Persian king:
Bright as the rising sun in summer's day,
And fresh and blooming as the month of May;
The joyful Knight survey'd her by his side,
Nor envy'd Paris with the Spartan bride:
Still as his mind revolv'd, with vast delight,
Th' entrancing raptures of th' approaching night,
Restless he sate, invoking ev'ry pow'r
To speed his bliss, and haste the happy hour.
Mean-time the vig'rous dancers beat the ground,
And songs were sung, and flowing bowls went rou
With od'rous spices they perfum'd the place,
And mirth and pleasure shone in ev'ry face.
Damian alone, of all the menial train,
Sad in the midst of triumphs, sigh'd for pain:

Damian alone, the Knight's obsequious squire,
Consum'd at heart, and fed a secret fire.
His lovely mistress all his soul possest;
He look'd, he languish'd, and could take no rest:
His task perform'd, he sadly went his way,
Fell on his bed, and loath'd the light of day.
There let him lie till his relenting dame
Weep in her turn, and waste in equal flame.

The weary sun, as learned poets write,
Forsook th' horizon, and roll'd down the light;
While glitt'ring stars his absent beams supply,
And night's dark mantle overspread the sky.
Then rose the guests, and as the time requir'd,
Each paid his thanks, and decently retir'd.

The foe once gone, our Knight prepar'd t' undress,
So keen he was, and eager to possess;
But first thought fit th' assistance to receive,
Which grave physicians scruple not to give;
Satyrion near, with hot eringoes stood,
Cantharides, to fire the lazy blood,
Whose use old bards describe in luscious rhymes,
And critics learn'd explain to modern times.

By this the sheets were spread, the bride undress'd,
The room was sprinkled, and the bed was bless'd.
What next ensu'd beseems not me to say;
'Tis sung, he labour'd till the dawning day,

Then briskly sprung from bed, with heart so light,
As all were nothing he had done by night,
And sipp'd his cordial as he sat upright.
He kiss'd his balmy spouse with wanton play,
And feebly sung a lusty roundelay:
Then on the couch his weary limbs he cast;
For ev'ry labour must have rest at last.

But anxious cares the pensive Squire opprest,
Sleep fled his eyes, and peace forsook his breast;
The raging flames that in his bosom dwell,
He wanted art to hide, and means to tell:
Yet hoping time th' occasion might betray,
Compos'd a sonnet to the lovely May;
Which, writ and folded with the nicest art,
He wrapt in silk, and laid upon his heart.

When now the fourth revolving day was run,
('Twas June, and Cancer had receiv'd the sun,)
Forth from her chamber came the beauteous bride
The good old Knight mov'd slowly by her side.
High mass was sung; they feasted in the hall;
The servants round stood ready at their call.
The Squire alone was absent from the board,
And much his sickness griev'd his worthy lord,
Who pray'd his spouse, attended with her train,
To visit Damian, and divert his pain.
Th' obliging dames obey'd with one consent;
They left the hall, and to his lodging went.

ıale tribe surround him as he lay,
se behind him sat the gentle May:
as she try'd his pulse, he softly drew
ng sigh, and cast a mournful view!
ıve his bill, and brib'd the pow'rs divine
cret vows, to favour his design
studies now but discontented May?
soft couch uneasily she lay:
ıpish husband snor'd away the night,
ıghs awak'd him near the morning light.
ıen he did, I'll not presume to tell,
ıe thought herself in heav'n or hell;
ınd dull in nuptial bed they lay,
bell toll'd, and all arose to pray.
it by forceful destiny decreed,
rom Chance, or Nature's pow'r proceed;
ıome star, with aspect kind to love,
selected influence from above;
er was the cause, the tender dame
first motions of an infant flame;
! th' impressions of the love-sick Squire,
ıted in the soft infectious fire.
ir, draw near, let May's example move
ıtle minds to pity those who love!
e fierce tyrant in her stead been found,
r adorer sure had hang'd or drown'd;

But she, your sex's mirror, free from pride,
Was much too meek to prove a homicide.
But to my tale: some sages have defin'd
Pleasure the sov'reign bliss of humankind:
Our Knight (who studied much, we may suppose)
Deriv'd his high philosophy from those;
For, like a prince, he bore the vast expence
Of lavish pomp, and proud magnificence:
His house was stately, his retinue gay,
Large was his train, and gorgeous his array.
His spacious garden made to yield to none,
Was compass'd round with walls of solid stone;
Priapus could not half describe the grace
(Though god of gardens) of this charming place:
A place to tire the rambling wits of France
In long descriptions, and exceed romance:
Enough to shame the gentlest bard that sings
Of painted meadows, and of purling springs.
Full in the centre of the flow'ry ground
A crystal fountain spread its streams around,
The fruitful banks with verdant laurels crown'd:
About this spring (if ancient fame say true)
The dapper elves their midnight sports pursue:
Their pigmy king, and little fairy queen,
In circling dances gambol'd on the green,
While tuneful sprites a merry concert made,
And airy music warbled through the shade.

Hither the noble Knight would oft repair,
(His scene of pleasure, and peculiar care ;)
For this he held it dear, and always bore
The silver key that lock'd the garden-door.
To this sweet place in summer's sultry heat,
He us'd from noise and bus'ness to retreat ;
And here in dalliance spend the live-long day,
Solus cum sola, with his lovely May :
For whate'er work was undischarg'd a-bed,
The duteous Knight in this fair garden sped.
But ah ! what mortal lives of bliss secure ?
How short a space our worldly joys endure !
O Fortune, fair, like all thy treach'rous kind,
But faithless still, and wav'ring as the wind !
O painted monster, form'd mankind to cheat,
With pleasing poison, and with soft deceit !
This rich, this am'rous, venerable Knight,
Amidst his ease, his solace, and delight,
Struck blind by thee, resigns his days to grief,
And calls on death, the wretch's last relief.
The rage of jealousy then seiz'd his mind,
For much he fear'd the faith of womankind.
His wife not suffer'd from his side to stray,
Was captive kept ; he watch'd her night and day,
Abridg'd her pleasures, and confin'd her sway.
Full oft in tears did hapless May complain,
And sigh'd full oft ; but sigh'd and wept in vain :

She look'd on Damian with a lover's eye ;
For oh, 'twas fix'd ; she must possess or die ?
Nor less impatience vex'd her am'rous Squire,
Wild with delay, and burning with desire.
Watch'd as she was, yet could he not refrain
By secret writings to disclose his pain :
The dame by signs reveal'd her kind intent,
Till both were conscious what each other meant.

Ah ! gentle Knight, what would thy eyes avail,
Though they could see as far as ships can sail ?
'Tis better, sure, when blind, deceiv'd to be,
Than be deluded when a man can see !

Argus himself, so cautious and so wise,
Was over-watch'd, for all his hundred eyes :
So many an honest husband may, 'tis known,
Who wisely, never thinks the case his own.

The dame at last, by diligence and care,
Procur'd the key her Knight was wont to bear ;
She took the wards in wax before the fire,
And gave the impression to the trusty Squire.
By means of this some wonder shall appear,
Which, in due place and season, you may hear.

Well sung sweet Ovid, in the days of yore,
What might is that which Love will not explore ?
And Pyramus and Thisbe plainly show
The feats true lovers, when they list, can do :

Though watch'd and captive, yet in spite of all,
They found the art of kissing through a wall.
But now no longer from our Tale to stray,
It happ'd, that once upon a summer's day,
Our rev'rend Knight was urg'd to am'rous play:
He rais'd his spouse ere matin bell was rung,
And thus his morning canticle he sung.
Awake, my love, disclose thy radiant eyes:
Arise, my wife, my beauteous lady rise!
Hear how the doves with pensive notes complain,
And in soft murmurs tell the trees their pain:
The winter's past; the clouds and tempest fly;
The sun adorns the fields and brightens all the sky.
Fair without spot, whose ev'ry charming part
My bosom wounds, and captivates my heart;
Come, and in mutual pleasures let's engage,
Joy of my life, and comfort of my age.
This heard, to Damian straight a sign she made
To haste before; the gentle Squire obey'd:
Secret and undescry'd he took his way,
And ambush'd close behind an arbour lay.
It was not long ere January came,
And hand in hand with him his lovely dame;
Blind as he was, not doubting all was sure,
He turn'd the key, and made the gate secure.
Here let us walk, he said, observ'd by none,
Conscious of pleasures to the world unknown.

So may my soul have joy, as thou my wife
Art for the dearest solace of my life:
And rather would I chuse, by Heav'n above,
To die this instant, than to lose thy love.
Reflect what truth was in my passion shown,
When, unendow'd, I took thee for my own,
And sought no treasure but thy heart alone.
Old as I am, and now depriv'd of sight,
Whilst thou art faithful to thy own true Knight,
Nor age nor blindness, rob me of delight.
Each other loss with patience I can bear,
The loss of thee is what I only fear.
  Consider then, my lady and my wife,
The solid comforts of a virtuous life.
As first, the love of Christ himself you gain;
Next, your own honour undefil'd maintain;
And, lastly, that which sure your mind must move,
My whole estate shall gratify your love:
Make your own terms, and ere to morrow's sun
Displays his light, by Heav'n it shall be done.
I seal the contract with a holy kiss,
And will perform, by this—my dear, and this—
Have comfort, spouse nor think thy lord unkind;
'Tis love, not jealousy, that fires my mind:
For when thy charms my sober thoughts engage,
And join'd to them my own unequal age,

From thy dear side I have no pow'r to part,
Such secret transports warm my melting heart.
For who that once possess'd those heav'nly charms,
Could live one moment absent from thy arms?
He ceas'd, and May with modest grace reply'd;
(Weak was her voice, as while she spoke she cry'd)
Heav'n knows (with that a tender sigh she drew)
I have a soul to save as well as you;
And, what no less you to my charge commend,
My dearest honour, will to death defend.
To you in holy church I gave my hand,
And join'd my heart in wedlock's sacred band:
Yet after this, if you distrust my care,
Then hear, my Lord and witness what I swear:
First may the yawning earth her bosom rend,
And let me hence to hell alive descend;
Or die the death I dread no less than hell,
Sew'd in a sack, and plung'd into a well;
Ere I my fame by one lewd act disgrace,
Or once renounce the honour of my race.
For know, Sir Knight, of gentle blood I came;
I loath a whore, and startle at the name.
But jealous men on their own crimes reflect,
And learn from thence their ladies to suspect:
Else why these needless cautions, Sir, to me?
These doubts and fears of female constancy?

This chime still rings in ev'ry lady's ear,
The only strain a wife must hope to hear.
Thus while she spoke, a sidelong glance she cast
Where Damian, kneeling, worshipp'd as she past.
She saw him watch the motions of her eye,
And singled out a pear-tree planted nigh:
'Twas charg'd with fruit that made a goodly show
And hung with dangling pears was ev'ry bough.
Thither th' obsequious Squire address'd his pace,
And climbing, in the summit took his place:
The Knight and lady walk'd beneath in view,
Where let us leave them, and our tale pursue.
'Twas now the season when the glorious sun
His heav'nly progress thro' the Twins had run;
And Jove, exalted, his mild influence yields,
To glad the glebe, and paint the flow'ry fields:
Clear was the day, and Phœbus, rising bright,
Had streak'd the azure firmament with light;
He pierc'd the glitt'ring clouds with golden stream
And warm'd the womb of earth with genial beams
It so befel, in that fair morning-tide,
The fairies sported on the garden-side,
And in the midst their monarch and his bride.
So featly tripp'd the light-foot ladies round,
The Knights so nimbly o'er the greensword bound,
That scarce they bent the flow'rs, or touch'd the ground.

The dances ended, all the fairy train
For pinks and daisies search'd the flow'ry plain;
While on a bank reclin'd of rising green,
Thus, with a frown, the King bespoke his Queen.
'Tis too apparent, argue what you can,
The treachery you women use to man:
A thousand authors have this truth made out,
And sad experience leaves no room for doubt.
Heav'n rest thy spirit, noble Solomon,
A wiser monarch never saw the sun:
All wealth, all honours, the supreme degree
Of earthly bliss, was well bestow'd on thee!
For sagely hast thou said, Of all mankind,
One only just, and righteous, hope to find:
But shouldst thou search the spacious world around,
Yet one good woman is not to be found.
Thus says the King who knew your wickedness;
The Son of Sirach testifies no less.
O may some wildfire on your bodies fall,
Or some devouring plague consume you all;
As well you view the lecher in the tree,
And well this honourable Knight you see:
But since he's blind and old (a helpless case)
His Squire shall cuckold him before your face.
Now by my own dread majesty I swear,
And by this awful sceptre which I bear,

ious wretch shall 'scape unpunish'd long,
1 my presence offer's such a wrong.
his instant undeceive the Knight,
in the very act, restore his sight:
set the strumpet here in open view,
arning to these ladies, and to you,
all the faithless sex, forever to be true.
nd will you so, reply'd the Queen, indeed?
w by my mother's soul, it is decreed,
e shall not want an answer at her need.
r her, and for her daughters, I'll engage,
d all the sex in each succeeding age;
t shall be theirs to varnish an offence,
d fortify their crimes with confidence.
y, were they taken in a strict embrace,
n with both eyes, and pinion'd to the place;
they shall need is to protest and swear,
athe a soft sigh, and drop a tender tear;
their wise husbands, gull'd by arts like the
able, and tame as geese.

And witness next what Roman authors tell,
How Arria, Porcia, and Lucretia fell.
But since the sacred leaves to all are free,
And men interpret texts, why should not we?
By this no more was meant, than to have shown,
That sov'reign goodness dwells in him alone,
Who only Is, and is but only One.
But grant the worst; shall women then be weigh'd
By ev'ry word that Solomon hath said?
What though this king (as ancient story boasts)
Built a fair temple to the Lord of Hosts;
He ceas'd at last his Maker to adore,
And did as much for idol gods, or more.
Beware what lavish praises you confer
On a rank lecher and idolater;
Whose reign indulgent God, says holy writ,
Did but for David's righteous sake permit;
David, the Monarch after Heaven's own mind,
Who lov'd our sex, and honour'd all our kind.
Well, I'm a woman, and as such must speak;
Silence would swell me, and my heart would break.
Know then, I scorn your dull authorities,
Your idle wits, and all their learned lies.
By Heav'n, those authors are our sex's foes,
Whom, in our right, I must and will oppose.
Nay (quoth the King) dear Madam, be not wroth;
I yield it up; but since I gave my oath,

That this much-injur'd Knight again should see,
It must be done—I am a king, said he,
And one whose faith has ever sacred been—
And so has mine (she said)—I am a Queen:
Her answer she shall have, I undertake;
And thus an end to all dispute I make.
Try when you list; and you shall find, my Lord,
It is not in our sex to break our word.
We leave them here in this heroic strain,
And to the Knight our story turns again;
Who in the garden, with his lovely May,
Sung merrier than the cuckoo or the jay:
This was his song; "Oh kind and constant be,
"Constant and kind I'll ever prove to thee."
Thus singing as he went, at last he drew,
By easy steps to where the pear-tree grew:
The longing dame look'd up, and spy'd her love
Full fairly perch'd among the boughs above.
She stopp'd, and sighing; Oh good Gods! she cry'd,
What pangs, what sudden shoots distend my side;
O for that tempting fruit, so fresh, so green;
Help, for the love of Heav'n's immortal Queen;
Help, dearest Lord, and save at once the life
Of thy poor infant, and thy longing wife!
Sore sigh'd the Knight to hear his lady's cry,
But could not climb, and had no servant nigh:

Old as he was, and void of eye-sight too,
What could, alas! a helpless husband do?
And must I languish then, she said, and die,
Yet view the lovely fruit before my eye?
At least, kind Sir, for Charity's sweet sake,
Vouchsafe the trunk between your arms to take;
Then from your back I might ascend the tree:
Do you but stoop, and leave the rest to me.
With all my soul, he thus reply'd again!
I'd spend my dearest blood to ease thy pain.
With that his back against the trunk he bent!
She seiz'd a twig, and up the tree she went.
Now prove your patience, gentle ladies all!
Nor let on me your heavy anger fall:
'Tis truth I tell, tho' not in phrase refin'd;
Tho' blunt my tale, yet honest is my mind.
What feats the lady in the tree might do,
I pass, as gambols never known to you;
But sure it was a merrier fit, she swore,
Than in her life she ever felt before.
In that nice moment, lo! the wond'ring Knight
Look'd out, and stood restor'd to sudden sight.
Straight on the tree his eager eyes he bent,
As one whose thoughts were on his spouse intent;
But when he saw his bosom wife so dress'd,
His rage was such as cannot be express'd:

What ails my Lord? the trembling dame reply'd;
I thought your patience had been better try'd:
Is this your love, ungrateful and unkind,
This my reward for having cur'd the blind?
Why was I taught to make my husband see,
By struggling with a man upon a tree?
Did I for this the pow'r of magic prove?
Unhappy wife, whose crime was too much love!
If this be struggling, by this holy light,
'Tis struggling with a vengeance (quoth the Knight;)
So Heav'n preserve the sight it has restor'd,
As with these eyes I plainly saw thee whor'd;
Whor'd by my slave—perfidious wretch! may Hell
As surely seize thee, as I saw too well.
Guard me, good Angels! cry'd the gentle May;
Pray Heav'n this magic work the proper way!
Alas, my love! 'tis certain, could you see,
You ne'er had us'd these killing words to me:
So help me, Fates! as 'tis no perfect sight,
But some faint glimm'ring of a doubtful light.
What I have said [quoth he] I must maintain,
For by th' immortal Pow'rs it seem'd too plain—
By all those Pow'rs, some frenzy seiz'd your mind,
[Reply'd the dame:] are these the thanks I find?
Wretch that I am, that e'er I was so kind!
She said, a rising sigh express'd her woe;
The ready tears apace began to flow,

And as they fell she wip'd from either eye
The drops; [for women, when they list, can cry.]
The Knight was touch'd; and in his looks appear'd
Signs of remorse, while thus his spouse he cheer'd:
Madam, 'tis past, and my short anger o'er!
Come down, and vex your tender heart no more:
Excuse me, dear, if aught amiss was said,
For, on my soul, amends shall soon be made:
Let my repentance your forgiveness draw;
By Heav'n, I swore but what I thought I saw.
Ah, my lov'd Lord! 'twas much unkind [she cry'd]
On bare suspicion thus to treat your bride.
But till your sight's establish'd, for a while,
Imperfect objects may your sense beguile.
Thus, when from sleep we first our eyes display,
The balls are wounded with the piercing ray,
And dusky vapours rise, and intercept the day:
So just recov'ring from the shades of night,
Your swimming eyes are drunk with sudden light,
Strange phantoms dance around, and skim before your sight.
Then, Sir, be cautious, nor too rashly deem;
Heav'n knows how seldom things are what they seem!
Consult your reason, and you soon shall find
'Twas you were jealous, not your wife unkind:
Jove ne'er spoke oracle more true than this;
None judge so wrong as they who think amiss.

With that she leap'd into her lord's embrace,
With well-dissembled virtue in her face.
He hugg'd her close, and kiss'd her o'er and o'er,
Disturb'd with doubts and jealousies no more:
Both, pleas'd and bless'd, renew'd their mutual vo
A fruitful wife, and a believing spouse.

Thus ends our tale, whose moral next to make,
Let all wise husbands hence example take;
And pray, to crown the pleasure of their lives,
To be so well deluded by their wives.

THE WIFE OF BATH.

HER PROLOGUE. FROM CHAUCER.

BEHOLD the woes of matrimonial life,
And hear with rev'rence an experienc'd wife;
To dear-bought wisdom give the credit due,
And think for once a woman tells you true.
In all these trials I have borne a part;
I was myself the scourge that caus'd the smart;
For since fifteen in triumph have I led
Five captive husbands from the church to bed.
Christ saw a wedding once, the Scripture says,
And saw but one, 'tis thought, in all his days;
Whence some infer, whose conscience is too nice,
No pious Christian ought to marry twice.
But let them read, and solve me, if they can,
The words address'd to the Samaritan;
Five times in lawful wedlock she was join'd;
And sure the certain stint was ne'er defin'd.
"Increase and multiply" was Heav'n's command,
And that's a text I clearly understand.
This too, "Let men their sires and mothers leave,
"And to their dearer wives for ever cleave."

More wives than one by Solomon were try'd,
Or else the wisest of mankind's bely'd.
I've had myself full many a merry fit,
And trust in Heav'n I may have many yet;
For when my transitory spouse, unkind,
Shall die, and leave his woful wife behind,
I'll take the next good Christian I can find.
  Paul, knowing one could never serve our turn,
Declar'd 'twas better far to wed than burn.
There's danger in assembling fire and tow;
I grant them that; and what it means you know.
The same apostle, too, has elsewhere own'd,
No precept for virginity he found:
'Tis but a counsel—and we women still
Take which we like, the counsel or our will.
  I envy not their bliss, if he or she
Think fit to live in perfect chastity:
Pure let them be, and free from taint of vice;
I for a few slight spots am not so nice.
Heav'n calls us diff'rent ways; on these bestows
One proper gift, another grants to those:
Not ev'ry man's oblig'd to sell his store,
And give up all his substance to the poor:
Such as are perfect may, I can't deny;
But by your leaves, Divines! so am not I.
  Full many a saint, since first the world began,
Liv'd an unspotted maid in spite of man:

Let such (a God's name) with fine wheat be fed,
And let us honest wives eat barley bread.
For me, I'll keep the post assign'd by Heav'n,
And use the copious talent it has giv'n:
Let my good spouse pay tribute, do me right,
And keep an equal reck'ning ev'ry night:
His proper body is not his but mine;
For so said Paul, and Paul's a sound divine.

Know then, of those five husbands I have had,
Three were just tolerable, two were bad.
The three were old, but rich, and fond beside,
And toil'd most piteously to please their bride;
But since their wealth (the best they had) was mine,
The rest without much loss I could resign:
Sure to be lov'd I took no pains to please,
Yet had more pleasure far than they had ease.

Presents flow'd in apace: with show'rs of gold
They made their court, like Jupiter of old:
If I but smil'd a sudden youth they found,
And a new palsy seiz'd them when I frown'd.

Ye sov'reign Wives! give ear, and understand,
Thus shall ye speak, and exercise command;
For never was it giv'n to mortal man
To lie so boldly as we women can;
Forswear the fact, tho' seen with both his eyes,
And call your maids to witness how he lies.

Hark, old Sir Paul! ('twas thus I us'd to say,)
Whence is our neighbour's wife so rich and gay?
Treat'd, caress'd, where'er she's pleas'd to roam—
I sit in tatters, and immur'd at home.
Why to her house dost thou so oft repair?
Art thou so am'rous? and is she so fair?
If I but see a cousin or a friend,
Lord! how you swell and rage like any fiend?
But you reel home, a drunken beastly bear,
Then preach till midnight in your easy chair:
Cry Wives are false, and ev'ry woman evil,
And give up all that's female to the devil.
If poor (you say) she drains her husband's purse;
If rich, she keeps her priest, or something worse;
If highly born, intolerably vain,
Vapours and pride by turns possess her brain;
Now gaily mad, now sourly splenetic,
Freakish when well, and fretful when she's sick;
If fair, then chaste she cannot long abide,
By pressing youth attack'd on ev'ry side;
If foul, her wealth the lusty lover lures,
Or else her wit some fool-gallant procures,
Or else she dances with becoming grace,
Or shape excuses the defects of face.
There swims no goose so gray, but soon or late,
She finds some honest gander for her mate.

Horses (thou say'st) and asses men may try,
And ring suspected vessels ere they buy;
But wives, a random choice, untry'd they take;
They dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake;
Then, nor till then, the veil is mov'd away,
And all the woman glares in open day.
You tell me, to preserve your wife's good grace,
Your eyes must always languish on my face,
Your tongue with constant flatt'ries feed my ear,
And tag each sentence with My life! my dear!
If by strange chance a modest blush be rais'd,
Be sure my fine complexion must be prais'd.
My garments always must be new and gay,
And feasts still kept upon my wedding-day;
Then must my nurse be pleas'd, and fav'rite maid;
And endless treats and endless visits paid
To a long train of kindred, friends, allies:
All this thou say'st, and all thou says't are lies.
On Jenkin, too, you cast a squinting eye:
What! can your 'prentice raise your jealousy?
Fresh are his ruddy cheeks, his forehead fair,
And like the burnish'd gold his curling hair;
But clear thy wrinkled brow, and quit thy sorrow,
I'd scorn your 'prentice should you die to-morrow.
Why are thy chests all lock'd? on what design?
Are not thy worldly goods and treasures mine?

Sir, I'm no fool; nor shall you, by St. John,
Have goods and body to yourself alone.
One you shall quit in spite of both your eyes—
I heed not, I, the bolts, the locks, the spies.
If you had wit, you'd say, "Go where you will,
"Dear spouse! I credit not the tales they tell:
"Take all the freedoms of a marry'd life;
"I know thee for a virtuous faithful wife."
Lord! when you have enough what need you c
How merrily soever others fare?
Tho' all the day I give and take delight,
Doubt not sufficient will be left at night.
'Tis but a just and rational desire
To light a taper at a neighbour's fire.
There's danger too, you think, in rich array,
And none can long be modest that are gay.
The cat, if you but singe her tabby skin,
The chimney keeps, and sits content within;
But once grown sleek will from her corner run,
Sport with her tail, and wanton in the sun:
She licks her fair round face, and frisks abroad
To shew her fur, and to be caterwaul'd.
Lo thus, my friends, I wrought to my desires
These three right ancient venerable sires.
I told 'em, Thus you say and thus you do;
I told 'em false, but Jenkin swore 'twas true.

I, like a dog, could bite as well as whine,
And first complain'd whene'er the guilt was mine.
I tax'd them oft' with wenching and amours,
When their weak legs scarce dragg'd them out of doors;
And swore the rambles that I took by night
Were all to spy what damsels they bedight:
That colour brought me many hours of mirth;
For all this wit is giv'n us from our birth.
Heav'n gave to woman the peculiar grace
To spin, to weep, and cully human race.
By this nice conduct and this prudent course,
By murm'ring, wheedling, stratagem, and force,
I still prevail'd, and would be in the right,
Or curtain-lectures made a restless night.
If once my husband's arm was o'er my side,
What! so familiar with your spouse! I cry'd:
I levy'd first a tax upon his need;
Then let him—'twas a nicety indeed!
Let all mankind this certain maxim hold,
Marry who will, our sex is to be sold.
With empty hands no tassels you can lure,
But fulsome love for gain we can endure;
For gold we love the impotent and old,
And heave, and pant, and kiss, and cling, for gold.
Yet with embraces curses oft' I mixt,
Then kiss'd again, and chid, and rail'd betwixt.

Well, I may make my will in peace, and die,
For not one word in man's arrears am I.
To drop a dear dispute I was unable,
Ev'n tho' the Pope himself had sat at table;
But when my point was gain'd, then thus I spoke;
" Billy, my dear! how sheepishly you look!
" Approach, my spouse! and let me kiss thy cheek;
" Thou shouldst be always thus, resign'd and meek.
" Of Job's great patience since so oft you preach,
" Well should you practice who so well can teach.
" 'Tis difficult to do, I must allow,
" But I, my dearest! will instruct you how.
" Great is the blessing of a prudent wife,
" Who puts a period to domestic strife.
" One of us two must rule and one obey;
" And since in man right reason bears the sway,
" Let that frail thing, weak woman, have her way.
" The wives of all my family have rul'd
" Their tender husbands, and their passions cool'd.
" Fy! 'tis unmanly thus to sigh and groan:
" What! would you have me to yourself alone?
" Why, take me, Love! take all and ev'ry part!
" Here's your revenge! you love it at your heart.
" Would I vouchsafe to sell what nature gave,
" You little think what custom I could have.
" But see! I'm all your own—nay hold—for shame!
" *What means my* dear?—indeed—you are to blame."

Thus with my first three lords I pass'd my life,
A very woman and a very wife.
What sums from these old spouses I could raise
Procur'd young husbands in my riper days.
Tho' past my bloom, yet not decay'd was I,
Wanton and wild, and chatter'd like a pie.
In country dances still I bore the bell,
And sung as sweet as ev'ning Philomel.
To clear my quail-pipe and refresh my soul,
Full oft' I drain'd the spicy nut brown bowl;
Rich luscious wines, that youthful blood improve,
And warm the swelling veins to feats of love:
For 'tis as sure as cold engenders hail,
A liqu'rish mouth must have a lech'rous tail:
Wine lets no lover unrewarded go,
As all true gamesters by experience know.
But oh, good Gods! whene'er a thought I cast
On all the joys of youth and beauty past,
To find in pleasures I have had my part,
Still warms me to the bottom of my heart.
This wicked world was once my dear delight;
Now all my conquests, all my charms, good night!
The flour consum'd, the best that now I can,
Is e'en to make my market of the bran.
My fourth dear spouse was not exceeding true;
He kept, 'twas thought, a private miss or two:

But all that score I paid.—As how? you'll say;
Not with my body in a filthy way;
But I so dress'd, and danc'd, and drank, and din'd,
And view'd a friend with eyes so very kind
As stung his heart, and made his marrow fry
With burning rage and frantic jealousy.
His soul, I hope, enjoys eternal glory,
For here on earth I was his purgatory.
Oft' when his shoe the most severely wrung
He put on careless airs, and sat and sung.
How sore I gall'd him only Heav'n could know,
And he that felt, and I that caus'd the woe.
He dy'd when last from pilgrimage I came,
With other gossips, from Jerusalem;
And now lies bury'd underneath a rood,
Fair to be seen, and rear'd of honest wood:
A tomb, indeed, with fewer sculptures grac'd
Than that Mausolus' pious widow plac'd,
Or where enshrin'd the great Darius lay;
But cost on graves is merely thrown away.
The pit fill'd up, with turf we cover'd o'er;
So bless the good man's soul! I say no more.
Now for the fifth lov'd lord, the last and best;
(Kind Heav'n afford him everlasting rest!)
Full hearty was his love, and I can shew
The tokens on my ribs in black and blue;

Yet with a knack my heart he could have won,
While yet the smart was shooting in the bone.
How quaint an appetite in woman reigns!
Free gifts we scorn, and love what costs us pains:
Let men avoid us, and on them we leap:
A glutted market makes provision cheap.
In pure good-will I took this jovial spark,
Of Oxford he, a most egregious clerk.
He boarded with a widow in the town,
A trusty gossip, one Dame Alison;
Full well the secrets of my soul she knew,
Better than e'er our parish priest could do.
To her I told whatever could befall:
Had but my husband piss'd against a wall,
Or done a thing that might have cost his life,
She—and my niece—and one more worthy wife,
Had known it all: what most he would conceal
To these I made no scruple to reveal.
Oft' has he blush'd from ear to ear for shame
That e'er he told a secret to his dame.
It so befel, in holy time of Lent,
That oft' a-day I to this gossip went;
[My huband, thank may stars, was out of town,]
From house to house we rambled up and down,
This clerk, myself, and my good neighbour Alse,
To see, be seen, to tell, and gather tales.

Visits to ev'ry church we daily paid,
And march'd in ev'ry holy masquerade;
The stations duly and the vigils kept;
Not much we fasted, but scarce ever slept.
At sermons, too, I shone in scarlet gay;
The wasting moth ne'er spoil'd my best array;
The cause was this, I wore it ev'ry day.
'Twas when fresh May her early blossoms yields
This clerk and I were walking in the fields.
We grew so intimate, I can't tell how,
I pawn'd my honour and engag'd my vow,
If e'er I laid my husband in his urn,
That he, and only he, should serve my turn.
We straight struck hands, the bargain was agreed;
I still have shifts against a time of need.
The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole
Can never be a mouse of any soul.
I vow'd I scarce could sleep since first I knew him,
And durst be sworn he had bewitch'd me to him;
If e'er I slept I dream'd of him alone,
And dreams foretell, as learned men have shown.
All this I said; but dreams, Sirs, I had none:
I follow'd but my crafty crony's lore,
Who bid me tell this lie—and twenty more.
Thus day by day and month by month was past;
It pleas'd the Lord to take my spouse at last.

I tore my gown, I soil'd my locks with dust,
And beat my breasts, as wretched widows—must.
Before my face my handkerchief I spread
To hide the floods of tears I did—not shed.
The good man's coffin to the church was borne;
Around the neighbours, and my clerk too, mourn:
But as he march'd, good Gods! he show'd a pair
Of legs and feet so clean, so strong, so fair!
Of twenty winters' age he seem'd to be:
I (to say truth) was at twenty more than he;
But vig'rous still, a lively buxom dame.
And had a wondrous gift to quench a flame.
A conj'rer once, that deeply could divine,
Assur'd me Mars in Taurus was my sign.
As the stars order'd, such my life has been:
Alas, alas! that ever love was sin!
Fair Venus gave me fire and sprightly grace,
And Mars assurance and a dauntless face.
By virtue of this pow'rful constellation
I follow'd always my own inclination.
But to my tale. A month scarce pass'd away,
With dance and song we kept the nuptial day.
All I possess'd I gave to his command,
My goods and chattels, money, house, and land;
But oft repented, and repent it still;
He prov'd a rebel to my sov'reign will:

Nay once, by Heav'n! he struck me on the face.
Hear but the fact, and judge yourselves the case.
Stubborn as any lioness was I,
And knew full well to raise my voice on high;
As true a rambler as I was before,
And would be so in spite of all he swore.
He against this right sagely would advise,
And old examples set before my eyes;
Tell how the Roman matrons led their life,
Of Gracchus' mother, and Duilius' wife;
And close the sermon, as beseem'd a wit,
With some grave sentence out of Holy Writ.
Oft' would he say, Who builds his house on sands
Pricks his blind horse across the fallow lands,
Or lets his wife abroad with pilgrims roam,
Deserves a fool's cap and long ears at home.
All this avail'd not; for whoe'er he be
That tells my faults, I hate him mortally;
And so do numbers more I'll boldly say,
Men, women, clergy, regular and lay.
My spouse (who was, you know, to learning br
A certain treatise oft' at ev'ning read,
Where divers authors (whom the devil confound
For all their lies) were in one volume bound:
Valerius whole, and of St. Jerome part;
Chrysippus and Tertullian, Ovid's Art,

Solomon's Proverbs, Eloïsa's Loves,
And many more than sure the Church approves.
More legends were there here, of wicked wives
Than good in all the Bible and Saints' Lives.
Who drew the lion vanquish'd? 'Twas a man;
But could we women write as scholars can,
Men should stand mark'd with far more wickedness
Than all the sons of Adam could redress.
Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies,
And Venus sets ere Mercury can rise.
Those play the scholars who can't play the men,
And use that weapon which they have their pen:
When old, and past the relish of delight,
Then down they sit, and in their dotage write
That not one woman keeps her marriage-vow.
(This by the way, but to my purpose now.)
It chanc'd my husband, on a winter's night,
Read in this book aloud with strange delight,
How the first female (as the Scriptures show)
Brought her own spouse and all his race to woe;
How Samson fell; and he whom Dejanire
Wrapp'd in th' envenom'd shirt, and set on fire;
How curs'd Eriphyle her lord betray'd,
And the dire ambush Clytemnestra laid;
But what most pleas'd him was the Cretan dame
And husband bull—Oh, monstrous! fy for shame!

He had by heart the whole detail of woe
Xantippe made her good man undergo;
How oft' she scolded in a day he knew,
How many pisspots on the sage she threw,
Who took it patiently, and wip'd his head:
"Rain follows thunder," that was all he said.
He read how Arius to his friend complain'd
A fatal tree was growing in his land,
On which three wives successively had twin'd
A sliding noose, and waver'd in the wind.
Where grows this plant, reply'd the friend, oh! wh
For better fruit did never orchard bear:
Give me some slip of this most blissful tree,
And in my garden planted it shall be.
Then how two wives their lords' destruction pr
Thro' hatred one, and one thro' too much love;
That for her husband mix'd a pois'nous draught,
And this for lust an am'rous philtre bought:
This nimble juice soon seiz'd his giddy head,
Frantic at night, and in the morning dead.
How some with swords their sleeping lords have s
And some have hammer'd nails into their brain,
And some have drench'd them with a deadly pot
All this he read, and read with great devotion.
Long time I heard, and swell'd, and blush'd,
frown'd;
But when no end of these vile tales I found,

When still he read, and laugh'd, and read again,
And half the night was thus consum'd in vain,
Provok'd to vengeance, three large leaves I tore,
And with one buffet fell'd him on the floor.
With that my husband in a fury rose,
And down he settled me with hearty blows.
I groan'd, and lay extended on my side;
Oh! thou hast slain me for my wealth, I cry'd:
Yet I forgive thee—take my last embrace—
He wept, kind soul! and stoop'd to kiss my face:
I took him such a box as turn'd him blue,
Then sigh'd and cry'd, Adieu, my dear, adieu!
But after many a hearty struggle past,
I condescended to be pleas'd at last.
Soon as he said, My mistress and my wife!
Do what you list the term of all your life,
I took to heart the merits of the cause,
And stood content to rule by wholesome laws;
Receiv'd the reins of absolute command,
With all the government of house and land,
And empire o'er his tongue and o'er his hand.
As for the volume that revil'd the dames,
'Twas torn to fragments, and condemn'd to flames.
Now Heav'n on all my husbands gone bestow
Pleasures above for tortures felt below:
That rest they wish'd for grant them in the grave,
And bless those souls my conduct help'd to save.

THE FABLE OF DRYOPI

FROM THE NINTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

SHE said, and for her lost Galanthis sighs,
When the fair consort of her son replies;
Since you a servant's ravish'd form bemoan,
And kindly sigh for sorrows not your own,
Let me [if tears and grief permit] relate
A nearer woe, a sister's stranger fate.
No nymph of all Oechalia could compare
For beauteous form with Dryope the fair,
Her tender mother's only hope and pride,
[Myself the offspring of a second bride.]
This nymph, compress'd by him who rules the
Whom Delphi and the Delian isle obey,
Andræmon lov'd; and, bless'd in all those charn
That pleas'd a god, succeeded to her arms.

A lake there was with shelving banks around,
Whose verdant summit fragrant Myrtles crown'
These shades, unknowing of the Fates she sough
And to the Naiads flow'ry garlands brought:
Her smiling babe [a pleasing charge] she prest
Within her arms, and nourish'd at her breast.

Not distant far a wat'ry lotos grows ;
The spring was new, and all the verdant boughs
Adorn'd with blossoms, promis'd fruits that vie
In glowing colours with the Tyrian dye :
Of these she cropp'd to please her infant son,
And I myself the same rash act had done ;
But, lo ! I saw (as near her side I stood)
The violated blossoms drop with blood.
Upon the tree I cast a frightful look ;
The trembling tree with sudden horror shook.
Lotis the nymph (if rural tales be true)
As from Priapus' lawlesss lust she flew,
Forsook her form, and, fixing here, became
A flow'ry plant, which still preserves her name.
This change unknown, astonish'd at the sight,
My trembling sister strove to urge her flight ;
And first the pardon of the nymphs implor'd,
And those offended sylvan pow'rs ador'd :
But when she backward would have fled, she found
Her stiff'ning feet were rooted in the ground :
In vain to free her fasten'd feet she strove,
And as she struggles only moves above ;
She feels th' encroaching bark around her grow
By quick degrees, and cover all below.
Surpris'd at this, her trembling hand she heaves
To rend her hair ; her hand is fill'd with leaves

Where late was hair the shooting leaves are seen
To rise, and shade her with a sudden green.
The child Amphissus, to her bosom prest,
Perceiv'd a colder and a harder breast,
And found the springs, that ne'er till then deny'd
Their milky moisture, on a sudden dry'd.
I saw, unhappy! what I now relate,
And stood the helpless witness of thy fate,
Embrac'd thy boughs, thy rising bark delay'd,
There wish'd to grow, and mingle shade with shade.
Behold Andræmon and the unhappy sire
Appear, and for their Dryope inquire:
A springing tree for Dryope they find,
And print warm kisses on the panting rind.
Prostrate, with tears their kindred plant bedew,
And close embrace as to the roots they grew.
The face was all that now remain'd of thee,
No more a woman, nor yet quite a tree;
Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear,
From ev'ry leaf distils a trickling tear;
And straight a voice, while yet a voice remains,
Thus thro' the trembling boughs in sighs complains.
If to the wretch'd any faith be giv'n,
I swear by all th' unpitying pow'rs of heav'n,
No wilful crime the heavy vengeance bred;
In mutual innocence our lives we led;

If this be false, let these new greens decay,
Let sounding axes lop my limbs away,
And crackling flames on all my honours prey.
But from my branching arms this infant bear,
Let some kind nurse supply a mother's care;
And to his mother let him oft be led,
Sport in her shades, and in her shades be fed:
Teach him, when first his infant voice shall frame
Imperfect words, and lisp his mother's name,
To hail this tree; and say, with weeping eyes,
Within this plant my hapless parent lies:
And when in youth he seeks the shady woods,
Oh! let him fly the crystal lakes and floods,
Nor touch the fatal flow'rs; but, warn'd by me,
Believe a goddess shrin'd in ev'ry tree.
My sire, my sister, and my spouse farewell!
If in your breasts or love or pity dwell
Protect your plant, nor let my branches feel
The browsing cattle or the piercing steel.
Farewell! and since I cannot bend to join
My lips to yours, advance at least to mine.
My son, thy mother's parting kiss receive,
While yet thy mother has a kiss to give.
I can no more; the creeping rind invades
My closing lips, and hides my hand in shades:
Remove your hands, the bark shall soon suffice
Without their aid to seal these dying eyes."

She ceas'd at once to speak and ceas'd to be,
And all the nymph was lost within the tree;
Yet latent life thro' her new branches reign'd,
And long the plant a human heart retain'd.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

DEO. OPT. MAX.

FATHER of All! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime, ador'd,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confin'd
To know but this, that thou art Good,
And that myself am blind:

Yet gave me in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And binding Nature fast in Fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than heav'n pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives
Let me not cast away;

For God is paid when Man receives:
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to Earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of Man,
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh! teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride
Or impious discontent;
At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy shew to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy breath;

O lead me, wheresoe'er I go,
Thro' this day's life or death!

This day be bread and peace my lot;
All else beneath the sun
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all Being raise!
All Nature's incense rise!

AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

[Written in the Year 1709.]

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AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

PART I.

'Tis hard to say if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill;
But of the two less dang'rous is th' offence
To tire our patience than mislead our sense:
Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss;
A fool might once himself alone expose;
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.
'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
In poets as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the critic's share;
Both must alike from Heav'n derive their light,
These born to judge as well as those to write.
Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well.
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
But are not critics to their judgment too?
Yet if we look more closely we shall find
Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind:
Nature affords at least a glimm'ring light;
The lines tho' touch'd but faintly are drawn right.

But as the slightest sketch, if justly trac'd,
Is by ill-colouring but the more disgrac'd,
So by false learning is good sense defac'd :
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs Nature meant but fools
In search of wit these lose their common sense,
And then turn critics in their own defence :
Each burns alike who can or cannot write,
Or with a rival's or an eunuch's spite.
All fools have still an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing side.
If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spite,
There are who judge still worse than he can write.
Some have at first for wits, then poets, past,
Turn'd critics next, and prov'd plain fools at last.
Some neither can for wits nor critics pass,
As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.
Those half-learn'd witlings, num'rous in our isle,
As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile ;
Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation's so equivocal ;
To tell them would an hundred tongues require,
Or one vain wit's that might an hundred tire.
But you who seek to give and merit fame,
And justly bear a Critic's noble name,
Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taste, and learning, go ;

Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet,
And mark that point where sense and dulness meet.
Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit.
As on the land while here the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains;
Thus in the soul while memory prevails,
The solid pow'r of understanding fails;
Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's soft figures melt away.
One science only will one genius fit;
So vast is art, so narrow human wit:
Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
But oft' in those confin'd to single parts.
Like kings we lose the conquests gain'd before,
By vain ambition still to make them more:
Each might his sev'ral province well command,
Would all but stoop to what they understand.

First follow nature, and your judgment frame
By her just standard, which is still the same:
Unerring Nature! still divinely bright,
One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,
Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
At once the source, and end, and test, of art.
Art from that fund each just supply provides,
Works without show, and without pomp presides:

In some fair body thus th' informing soul
With spirits feeds, with vigour fills, the whole;
Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve sustains,
Itself unseen, but in th' effects remains.
Some to whom Heav'n in wit has been profuse
Want as much more to turn it to its use;
For wit and judgment often are at strife,
Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
'Tis more to guide than spur the Muses' steed,
Restrain his fury than provoke his speed:
The winged courser, like a gen'rous horse,
Shows most true mettle when you check his course
Those Rules of old, discover'd, not devis'd,
Are Nature still, but Nature methodiz'd:
Nature, like liberty, is but restrain'd
By the same laws which first herself ordain'd.
Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules indite
When to repress, and when indulge our flights:
High on Parnasus' top her sons she show'd,
And pointed out those arduous paths they trod;
Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
And urg'd the rest by equal steps to rise.
Just precepts thus from great examples giv'n,
She drew from them what they deriv'd from Heav'n
The gen'rous critic fann'd the poets fire,
And taught the world with reason to admire.

Then Criticism the Muse's handmaid prov'd
To dress her charms, and make her more belov'd;
But following wits from that intention stray'd;
Who could not win the mistress woo'd the maid;
Against] the poets their own arms they turn'd.
Sure to hate most the men from whom they learn'd.
So modern 'pothecaries, taught the art
By doctors' bills to play the doctor's part,
Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,
Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.
Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey;
Nor time nor moths e'er spoil'd so much as they:
Some dryly plain, without invention's aid,
Write dull receipts how poems may be made;
These leave the sense their learning to display,
And those explain the meaning quite away.

You then whose judgment the right course would steer,
Know well each Ancient's proper character;
His fable, subjects, scope in ev'ry page;
Religion, country, genius of his age:
Without all these at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticise;
Be Homer's works your study and delight,
Read them by day, and meditate by night;
Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
And trace the Muses upward to their spring.

Still with itself compar'd his text peruse;
And let your comment be the Mantuan Muse.
When first young Maro in his boundless mind
A work t' outlast immortal Rome design'd,
Perhaps he seem'd above the critic's law,
And but from Nature's fountains scorn'd to draw
But when t' examine ev'ry part he came,
Nature and Homer were, he found, the same.
Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold design,
And rules as strict his labour'd work confine
As if the Stagirite o'erlook'd each line.
Learn hence from ancient rules a just esteem;
To copy Nature is to copy them.
Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
For there's a happiness as well as care.
Music resembles poetry; in each
Are nameless graces, which no methods teach,
And which a master-hand alone can reach.
If, where the rules not far enough extend,
(Since rules were made but to promote their end,
Such lucky license answer to the full
Th' intent propos'd, that license is a rule.
Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take,
May boldly deviate from the common track.
Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
And rise to faults true critics dare not mend;

From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
Which, without passing thro' the judgment, gains
The heart, and all its end at once attains.
In prospects thus some objects please our eyes,
Which out of Nature's common order rise,
The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice.
But tho' the ancients thus their rules invade,
(As kings dispense with laws themselves have made,)
Moderns, beware! or if you must offend
Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end;
Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need;
And have at least their precedent to plead;
The critic else proceeds without remorse,
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.
I know there are to whose presumptuous thoughts
Those freer beauties ev'n in them seem faults.
Some figures monstrous and mis-shap'd appear,
Considered singly or beheld too near,
Which but proportion'd to their light or place,
Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
A prudent chief not always must display
His pow'rs in equal ranks and fair array,
But with th' occasion and the place comply,
Conceal his force, nay seem sometimes to fly.
Those oft' are stratagems which errors seem;
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.

Still green with bays each ancient altar stan
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands,
Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage,
Destructive war, and all-involving age.
See from each clime the learn'd their incense b
Hear in all tongues consenting pæans ring!
In praise so just let ev'ry voice be join'd,
And fill the gen'ral chorus of mankind.
Hail, bards triumphant! born in happier days
Immortal heirs of universal praise!
Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
Nations unborn your mighty name shall sound
And worlds applaud that must not yet be foun
O may some spark of your celestial fire
The last, the meanest, of your sons inspire,
(That on weak wings, from far, pursues your
Glows while he reads, but trembles as he wri
To teach vain wits a science little known,
T' admire superior sense, and doubt their own

PART II.

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever Nature has in worth deny'd,
She gives in large recruits of needful pride:
For as in bodies thus in souls we find,
What wants in blood and spirits swell'd with wind:
Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense:
If once right reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
Trust not yourself; but, your defects to know,
Make use of ev'ry friend—and ev'ry foe.
A little learning is a dang'rous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fir'd at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
But more advanc'd, behold with strange surprise,
New distant scenes of endless science rise!

So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky!
Th' eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last
But those attain'd, we tremble to survey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way;
Th' increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the same spirit that its author writ;
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find
Where Nature moves, and rapture warms the m
Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
The gen'rous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.
But in such lays as neither ebb nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low,
That shunning faults one quiet tenor keep,
We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.
In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts
Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts:
'Tis not a lip or eye we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all.
Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dom
(The world's just wonder, even thine, O Rome!)
No single parts unequally surprise,
All comes united to th' admiring eyes;

No monstrous height, or breadth, or length, appear,
The whole at once is bold and regular.
Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
In ev'ry work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend;
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.
As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
T' avoid great errors, must the less commit;
Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays,
For not to know some trifles is a praise.
Most critics, fond of some subservient art,
Still make the whole depend upon a part:
They talk of principles, but notions prize,
And all to one lov'd folly sacrifice.

Once on a time La Mancha's Knight, they say,
A certain bard encount'ring on the way,
Discours'd in terms as just, with looks as sage,
As e'er could Dennis of the Grecian stage,
Concluding all were desp'rate sots and fools
Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.
Our author, happy in a judge so nice,
Produc'd his play, and begg'd the Knight's advice;
Made him observe the subject and the plot,
The manners, passions, unities; what not?

All which exact to rule were brought about,
Were but a combat in the lists left out.
"What! leave the combat out?" exclaims the Knight.
"Yes, or we must renounce the Stagirite."
"Not so, by Heav'n! (he answers in a rage;)
"Knights, squires, and steeds, must enter on the stage."
"So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain."
"Then build a new, or act it on a plain."
Thus critics of less judgment than caprice,
Curious, not knowing, not exact, but nice,
Form short ideas, and offend in arts
(As most in manners) by a love to parts.
Some to Conceit alone their taste confine,
And glitt'ring thoughts struck out at ev'ry line;
Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit,
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets, like painters, thus unskill'd to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True wit is Nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd;
Something whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit:

For works may have more wit than does them good,
As bodies perish thro' excess of blood.
Others for Language all their care express,
And value books as women men, for dress:
Their praise is still—the style is excellent;
The sense they humbly take upon content.
Words are like leaves, and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.
False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colours spreads on ev'ry place;
The face of Nature we no more survey,
All glares alike, without distinction gay;
But true expression, like th' unchanging sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon;
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent as more suitable.
A vile conceit in pompous words express'd,
Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd:
For diff'rent styles with diff'rent subjects sort,
As several garbs with country, town, and court.
Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
Ancients in phrase, mere Moderns in their sense:
Such labour'd nothings in so strange a style
Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.

Unlucky as Fungoso in the play,
These sparks with awkward vanity display
What the fine gentleman wore yesterday;
And but so mimic ancient wits at best,
As apes our grandsires in their doublets drest.
In words as fashions the same rule will hold,
Alike fantastic if too new or old:
Be not the first by whom the new are try'd,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

But most by Numbers judge a poet's song,
And smooth or rough with them is right or wrong
In the bright Muse tho' thousand charms conspire
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;
Who haunts Parnassus but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds, as some to church repair
Not for the doctrine but the music there.
These equal syllables alone require,
Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire,
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft' creep in one dull line:
While they ring round the same unvary'd chimes
With sure returns of still expected rhymes;
Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"
In the next line, it "whispers thro' the trees:"
If chrystal streams "with pleasing murmurs cree
The reader's threat'ned (not in vain) with "sleep

Then, at the last and only couplet, fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That like a wounded snake drags its slow length along,
And praise the easy vigour of a line
Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness join.
True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence;
The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move slow:
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.
Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays surprise,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise,
While at each change the son of Lybian Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love:
Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:
Persians and Greeks like turns of Nature found,
And the world's victor stood subdu'd by sound!

The pow'r of music all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was is Dryden now.
Avoid extremes, and shun the fault of such
Who still are pleas'd too little or too much.
At ev'ry trifle scorn to take offence;
That always shews great pride or little sense:
Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best
Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move;
For fools admire, but men of sense approve.
As things seem large which we thro' mists descry,
Dulness is ever apt to magnify.
Some foreign writers, some our own despise;
The Ancients only or the Moderns prize.
Thus wit, like faith, by each man is apply'd
To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside.
Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
And force that sun but on a part to shine,
Which not alone the southern wit sublimes,
But ripens spirits in cold northern climes;
Which from the first has shone on ages past,
Enlights the present, and shall warm the last;
Tho' each may feel increases and decays,
And see now clearer, and now darker days:
Regard not then if wit be old or new,
But blame the false, and value still the true.

Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the spreading notion of the Town;
They reason and conclude by precedent,
And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of authors' names, not works, and then
Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.
Of all this servile herd the worst is he
That in proud dulness joins with quality:
A constant critic at the great man's board,
To fetch and carry nonsense for my Lord.
What woful stuff this madrigal would be
In some starv'd hackney sonnetteer or me!
But let a lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the style refines!
Before his sacred name flies ev'ry fault,
And each exalted stanza teems with thought!
The vulgar thus thro' imitation err,
As oft the learn'd by being singular;
So much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng
By chance go right they purposely go wrong.
So schismatics the plain believers quit,
And are but damn'd for having too much wit.
Some praise at morning what they blame at night,
But always think the last opinion right.
A Muse by these is like a mistress us'd,
This hour she's idoliz'd, the next abus'd;

While their weak heads, like towns unfortify
'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their
Ask them the cause; they're wiser still they
And still to-morrow's wiser than to-day.
We think our fathers fools so wise we grow;
Our wiser sons no doubt will think us so.
Once school-divines this zealous isle o'erspre
Who knew most sentences was deepest read
Faith, gospel, all seem'd made to be disputed,
And none had sense enough to be confuted.
Scotists and Thomists now in peace remain,
Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Duck Lane
If faith itself has diff'rent dresses worn,
What wonder modes in wit should take their
Oft' leaving what is natural and fit,
The current folly proves the ready wit;
And authors think their reputation safe
Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to la
Some, valuing those of their own size or r
Still make themselves the measure of manki
Fondly we think we honour merit then,
When we but praise ourselves in other men.
Parties in wit attend on those of state,
And public faction doubles private hate.
Pride, malice, folly, against Dryden rose
In various shapes of parsons, critics, beaus;

But sense surviv'd when merry jests were past;
For rising merit will buoy up at last.
Might he return and bless once more our eyes,
New Blackmores and new Milbourns must arise:
Nay, should great Homer lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would start up from the dead.
Envy will merit as its shade pursue,
But like a shadow proves the substance true;
For envy'd wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
Th' opposing body's grossness, not its own.
When first that sun too pow'rful beams displays,
It draws up vapours which obscure its rays;
But ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way,
Reflect new glories, and augment the day.
Be thou the first true merit to befriend;
His praise is lost who stays till all commend.
Short is the date, alas! of modern rhymes,
And 'tis but just to let them live betimes.
No longer now that golden age appears
When patriarch wits surviv'd a thousand years:
Now length of fame (our second life) is lost,
And bare threescore is all ev'n that can boast:
Our sons their fathers' failing language see,
And such as Chaucer is shall Dryden be.
So when the faithful pencil has design'd
Some bright idea of the master's mind,

Where a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready Nature waits upon his hand;
When the ripe colours soften and unite,
And sweetly melt into just shade and light;
When mellowing years their full perfection give,
And each bold figure just begins to live,
The treach'rous colours the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away!

Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,
Atones not for that envy which it brings:
In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
But soon the short-liv'd vanity is lost;
Like some fair flow'r the early spring supplies,
That gaily blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.
What is this wit which must our cares employ?
The owner's wife that other men enjoy;
Then most our trouble still when most admir'd,
And still the more we give the more's requir'd;
Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with e
Sure some to vex, but never all to please;
'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun;
By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!

If wit so much from ign'rance undergo,
Ah! let not learning too commence its foe.
Of old those met rewards who could excel,
And such were prais'd who but endeavour'd well

Tho' triumphs were to gen'rals only due,
Crowns were reserv'd to grace the soldiers too.
Now they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown
Employ their pains to spurn some others down;
And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
Contending wits become the sport of fools;
But still the worst with most regret commend,
For each ill author is as bad a friend.
To what base ends, and by what abject ways
Are mortals urg'd thro' sacred lust of praise!
Ah! ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
Nor in the critic let the man be lost.
Good nature and good sense must ever join;
To err is human, to forgive divine.
But if in noble minds some dregs remain,
Not yet purg'd off, of spleen and sour disdain,
Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.
No pardon vile obscenity should find,
Tho' wit and art conspire to move your mind;
But dulness with obscenity must prove
As shameful sure as impotence in love.
In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease,
Sprang the rank weed, and thriv'd with large increase:
When love was all an easy monarch's care,
Seldom at council, never in a war,

Jilts rul'd the state, and statesmen farces writ;
Nay wits had pensions, and young lords had wit;
The fair sat panting at a courtier's play,
And not a mask went unimprov'd away;
The modest fan was lifted up no more,
And virgins smil'd at what they blush'd before.
The following license of a foreign reign
Did all the dregs of old Socinus drain;
Then unbelieving priests reform'd the nation,
And taught more pleasant methods of salvation;
Where Heav'n's free subjects might their rights dis-
Lest God himself should seem too absolute: [pute,
Pulpits their sacred satire learn'd to spare,
And Vice admir'd to find a flatt'rer there!
Encourag'd thus, Wit's Titans brav'd the skies,
And the press groan'd with licens'd blasphemies.
These monsters, Critics! with your darts engage,
Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage!
Yet shun their fault who, scandalously nice,
Will needs mistake an author into vice:
All seems infected that th' infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

LEARN then what morals critics ought to show,
For 'tis but half a judge's task to know.
'Tis not enough taste, judgment, learning, join;
In all you speak let truth and candour shine;
That not alone what to your sense is due
All may allow, but seek your friendship too.

Be silent always when you doubt your sense,
And speak, tho' sure, with seeming diffidence:
Some positive persisting fops we know,
Who if once wrong will needs be always so;
But you with pleasure own your errors past,
And make each day a critique on the last.

'Tis not enough your counsel still be true,
Blunt truths more mischief than nice falshoods do;
Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.
Without good-breeding truth is disapprov'd;
That only makes superior sense belov'd.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence,
For the worst avarice is that of sense.
With mean complacence ne'er betray your trust,
Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.
Fear not the anger of the wise to raise;
Those best can bear reproof who merit praise.

'Twere well might critics still this freedom tak
But Appius reddens at each word you speak,
And stares tremendous, with a threat'ning eye,
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.
Fear most to tax an honourable fool,
Whose right it is, uncensur'd, to be dull:
Such without wit are poets when they please,
As without learning they can take degrees.
Leave dang'rous truths to unsuccessful satires,
And flattery to fulsome dedicators,
Whom, when they praise, the world believes no n
Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er.
'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
And charitably let the dull be vain;
Your silence there is better than your spite,
For who can rail so long as they can write?
Still humming on their drowsy course they keep,
And lash'd so long, like tops are lash'd asleep.
False steps but help them to renew their race,
As after stumbling jades will mend their pace.
What crowds of these, impenitently bold,
In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,
Still run on poets in a raging vein,
Ev'n to the dregs and squeezings of the brain,
Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,
And rhyme with all the rage of impotence!

Such shameless bards we have; and yet 'tis true
There are as mad abandon'd critics too.
The bookful blockhead ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,
With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
And always list'ning to himself appears:
All books he reads, and all he reads assails,
From Dryden's Fables down to Durfey's Tales.
With him most authors steal their works or buy;
Garth did not write his own dispensary.
Name a new play, and he's the poet's friend;
Nay, show'd his faults—but when would poets mend?
No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,
Nor is Paul's Church more safe than Paul's Churchyard:
Nay, fly to altars, there they'll talk you dead;
For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
It still looks home, and short excursions makes;
But rattling nonsense in full vollies breaks,
And never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,
Bursts out, resistless, with a thund'ring tide.
But where's the man who counsel can bestow,
Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know;
Unbiass'd or by favour or by spite,
Not dully prepossess'd nor blindly right:

Tho' learn'd well-bred, and tho' well-bred sincere;
Modestly bold, and humanely severe;
Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
And gladly praise the merit of a foe;
Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfin'd
A knowledge both of books and human kind;
Gen'rous converse; a soul exempt from pride;
And loves to praise, with reason on his side.

Such once were Critics; such the happy few
Athens and Rome in better ages knew.
The mighty Stagirite first left the shore,
Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore;
He steer'd securely, and discovered far,
Led by the light of the Mæonian star.
Poets, a race long unconfin'd and free,
Still fond and proud of savage liberty,
Receiv'd his laws, and stood convinc'd 'twas fit,
Who conquer'd Nature should preside o'er wit.

Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into sense;
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
The truest notions in the easiest way.
He who, supreme in judgment as in wit,
Might boldly censure as he boldly writ,
Yet judg'd with coolness, tho' he sung with fire;
His precepts teach but what his works inspire.

Our critics take a contrary extreme,
They judge with fury, but they write with phlegm;
Nor suffers Horace more in wrong translations
By wits, than critics in as wrong quotations.
See Dionysius Homer's thoughts refine,
And call new beauties forth from ev'ry line!
Fancy and art in gay Petronius please,
The scholars learning with the courtier's ease.
In grave Quintillian's copious work we find
The justest rules and clearest methods join'd.
Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
All rang'd in order, and dispos'd with grace;
But less to please the eye than arm the hand,
Still fit for use, and ready at command.
Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inspire,
And bless their critic with a poet's fire:
An ardent judge, who, zealous in his trust,
With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just;
Whose own example strengthens all his laws,
And is himself the great sublime he draws.
Thus long succeeding critics justly reign'd,
License repress'd, and useful laws ordain'd:
Learning and Rome alike in empire grew,
And arts still follow'd where her Eagles flew;
From the same foes at last both felt their doom,
And the same age saw learning fall and Rome.

With Tyranny then Superstition join'd,
As that the body, this enslav'd the mind;
Much was believ'd, but little understood,
And to be dull was constru'd to be good:
A second deluge Learning thus o'er-ran,
And the Monks finish'd what the Goths began.

At length Erasmus, that great injur'd name,
(The glory of the priesthood, and the shame!)
Stemm'd the wild torrent of a barb'rous age,
And drove those holy Vandals off the stage.

But see! each Muse in Leo's golden days
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd b
Rome's ancient Genius o'er its ruins spread,
Shakes off the dust, and rears his rev'rend head
Then Sculpture and her sister arts revive;
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live;
With sweeter notes each rising temple rung;
A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung:
Immortal Vida! on whose honour'd brow
The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow!
Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!

But soon by impious arms from Latium chas'd
Their ancient bounds the banish'd Muses pass'd:
Thence arts o'er all the northern world advance
But critic learning flourish'd most in France:

The rules a nation born to serve obeys,
And Boileau still in right of Horace sways.
But we, brave Britons! foreign laws despis'd,
And kept unconquer'd and unciviliz'd;
Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
We still defy'd the Romans, as of old.
Yet some there were, among the sounder few
Of those who less presum'd and better knew,
Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,
And here restor'd Wit's fundamental laws.
Such was the Muse whose rules and practice tell
"Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."
Such was Roscommon, not more learn'd than good,
With manners gen'rous as his noble blood;
To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And ev'ry author's merit but his own.
Such late was Walsh—the Muse's judge and friend,
Who justly knew to blame or to commend;
To failings mild, but zealous for desert,
The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.
This humble praise, lamented Shade! receive;
This praise at least a grateful Muse may give:
The Muse whose early voice you taught to sing,
Prescrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,
(Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,
But in low numbers short excursions tries;

Content if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew:
Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame;
Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame;
Averse alike to flatter or offend;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

AN ESSAY ON SATIRE.

OCCASIONED BY THE

DEATH OF MR. POPE.

INSCRIBED TO

MR. WARBURTON.

BY J. BROWN, A. M.

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AN ESSAY ON SATIRE.

PART I.

FATE gave the word; the cruel arrow sped,
And Pope lies number'd with the mighty dead!
Resign'd he fell; superior to the art
That quench'd its rage in Your's and Britain's heart.
You mourn; but Britain, lull'd in rest profound,
(Unconscious Britain!) slumbers o'er her wound.
Exulting Dulness ey'd the setting light,
And flapp'd her wing, impatient for the night:
Rous'd at the signal, Guilt collects her train,
And counts the triumphs of her growing reign:
With inextinguishable rage they burn,
And snake-hung Envy hisses o'er his urn:
Th' envenom'd monsters spit their deadly foam
To blast the laurel that surrounds his tomb.
But you, O Warburton! whose eye refin'd
Can see the greatness of an honest mind;
Can see each virtue and each grace unite,
And taste the raptures of a pure delight;
You visit oft' his awful page with care,
And view that bright assemblage treasur'd there;
You trace the chain that links his deep design,
And pour new lustre on the glowing line.

Yet deign to hear the efforts of a Muse
Whose eye, not wing, his ardent flight pursues:
Intent from this great archetype to draw
Satire's bright form, and fix her equal law;
Pleas'd if from hence th' unlearn'd may compreh
And rev'rence his and Satire's gen'rous end.

In ev'ry breast there burns an active flame,
The love of glory, or the dread of shame:
The passion one, tho' various it appear,
As brighten'd into hope or dimm'd by fear.
The lisping infant and the hoary sire,
And youth and manhood, feel the heart-born fire
The charms of praise the coy, the modest, woo,
And only fly that glory may pursue:
She, pow'r resistless rules the wise and great,
Bends ev'n reluctant hermits at her feet;
Haunts the proud city and the lowly shade,
And sways alike the sceptre and the spade.

Thus Heav'n in pity wakes the friendly flame,
To urge mankind on deeds that merit fame:
But man, vain man! in folly only wise,
Rejects the manna sent him from the skies:
With rapture hears corrupted Passion's call,
Still proudly prone to mingle with the stall.
As each deceitful shadow tempts his view,
He for the imag'd substance quits the true;

Eager to catch the visionary prize,
In quest of glory plunges deep in vice;
Till madly zealous, impotently vain,
He forfeits ev'ry praise he pants to gain.
Thus still imperious Nature plies her part,
And still her dictates work in ev'ry heart.
Each pow'r that sov'reign Nature bids enjoy
Man may corrupt, but man can ne'er destroy:
Like mighty rivers, with resistless force
The passions rage, obstructed in their course;
Swell to new heights, forbidden paths explore,
And drown those virtues which they fed before.
And sure the deadliest foe to virtue's flame,
Or worst of evils, is perverted shame:
Beneath this load what abject numbers groan,
Th' entangled slaves to folly not their own!
Meanly by fashionable fear opprest,
We seek our virtues in each other's breast;
Blind to ourselves, adopt each foreign vice,
Another's weakness, int'rest, or caprice.
Each fool to low ambition, poorly great,
That pines in splendid wretchedness of state,
Tir'd in the treach'rous chase, would nobly yield,
And, but for shame, like Sylla, quit the field:
The dæmon Shame paints strong the ridicule,
And whispers close, "The world will call you fool."

Behold yon' wretch, by impious fashion driv'n,
Believes and trembles while he scoffs at Heav'n.
By weakness strong, and bold thro' fear alone,
He dreads the sneer by shallow coxcombs thrown;
Dauntless pursues the path Spinoza trod;
To man a coward, and a brave to God.

Faith, Justice, Heav'n itself, now quit their hold,
When to false fame the captiv'd heart is sold:
Hence, blind to truth, relentless Cato dy'd;
Nought could subdue his virtue but his pride:
Hence chaste Lucretia's innocence betray'd,
Fell by that honour which was meant its aid.
Thus Virtue sinks beneath unnumber'd woes,
When passions, born her friends, revolt her foes.

Hence Satire's pow'r: 'tis her corrective part
To calm the wild disorders of the heart.
She points the arduous height where glory lies,
And teaches mad Ambition to be wise;
In the dark bosom wakes the fair desire,
Draws good from ill, a brighter flame from fire;
Strips black Oppression of a gay disguise,
And bids the hag in native horror rise;
Strikes tow'ring Pride and lawless Rapine dead,
And plants the wreath on Virtue's awful head.

Nor boasts the Muse a vain imagin'd pow'r,
Tho' oft' she mourns those ills she cannot cure.

The worthy court her, and the worthless fear ;
Who shun her piercing eye that eye revere,
Her awful voice the vain and vile obey,
And ev'ry foe to wisdom feels her sway.
Smarts, pedants, as she smiles, no more are vain ;
Desponding Fops resign the clouded cane :
Hush'd at her voice, pert Folly's self is still,
And dulness wonders while she drops her quill.
Like the arm'd bee, with art most subtly true,
From poisonous vice she draws a healing dew.
Weak are the ties that civil arts can find
To quell the ferment of a tainted mind :
Cunning evades, securely wrapt in wiles,
And Force strong-sinew'd rend th' unequal toils ;
The stream of vice impetuous drives along,
Too deep for Policy, for Pow'r too strong.
Ev'n fair Religion, native of the skies,
Scorn'd by the crowd, seeks refuge with the wise ;
The crowd with laughter spurns her awful train,
And Mercy courts and Justice frowns in vain.
But Satire's shaft can pierce the harden'd breast ;
She plays a ruling passion on the rest ;
Undaunted storms the batt'ry of his pride,
And awes the brave that earth and heav'n defy'd.
When fell Corruption, by her vassals crown'd,
Derides fall'n Justice prostrate on the ground,

Swift to redress an injur'd peoples' groan,
Bold Satire shakes the tyrant on her throne;
Pow'rful as Death, defies the sordid train,
And slaves and sycophants surround in vain.
But with the friends of Vice, the foes of Satire,
All truth is spleen, all just reproof ill-nature.
Well may they dread the Muse's fatal skill;
Well may they tremble when she draws her quil
Her magic quill, that, like Ithuriel's spear,
Reveals the cloven hoof or lengthen'd ear;
Bids Vice and Folly take their nat'ral shapes,
Turns duchesses to strumpets, beaus to apes;
Drags the vile whisp'rer from his dark abode,
Till all the dæmon starts up from the toad.
O sordid maxim, form'd to screen the vile,
That true Good-nature still must wear a smile!
In frowns array'd her beauties stronger rise,
When love of virtue wakes her scorn of vice.
Where justice calls 'tis cruelty to save,
And 'tis the law's good-nature hangs the knave.
Who combats virtue's foe is virtue's friend;
Then judge of Satire's merit by her end:
To guilt alone her vengeance stands confin'd;
The object of her love is all mankind.
Scarce more the friend of man, the wise must ow
Ev'n Allen's bounteous hand than Satire's frown

This to chastise, as that to bless, was giv'n,
Alike the faithful ministers of Heav'n.
Oft' in unfeeling hearts the shaft is spent;
Tho' strong th' example, weak the punishment.
They least are paid who merit Satire most;
Folly the Laureat's, vice was Chartres' boast:
Then where's the wrong to gibbet high the name
Of fools and knaves already dead to shame?
Oft' Satire acts the faithful Surgeon's part;
Gen'rous and kind, tho' painful, is her art:
With caution bold, she only strikes to heal,
Tho' Folly raves to break the friendly steel:
Then sure no fault impartial Satire knows,
Kind ev'n in vengeance, kind to Virtue's foes.
Whose is the crime the scandal too be theirs:
The Knave and Fool are their own libellers.

PART II.

DARE nobly then: but, conscious of your trust,
As ever warm and bold, be ever just;
Nor court applause in these degen'rate days:
The villain's censure is extorted praise.
But chief, be steady in a noble end,
And shew mankind that truth has yet a friend.
'Tis mean for empty praise of wit to write,
As foplings grin to show their teeth are white.
To brand a doubtful folly with a smile,
Or madly blaze unknown defects, is vile:
'Tis doubly vile when, but to prove your art,
You fix an arrow in a blameless heart.
O lost to Honour's voice, O doom'd to shame,
Thou fiend accurs'd, thou murderer of fame!
Fell ravisher, from innocence to tear
That name than liberty, than life, more dear!
Where shall thy baseness meet its just return?
Or what repay thy guilt but endless scorn?
And know, immortal Truth shall mock thy toil;
Immortal Truth shall bid the shaft recoil:
With rage retorted wing the deadly dart,
And empty all its poison in thy heart.
With caution next the dang'rous pow'r apply;
An eagle's talon asks an eagle's eye:

Let Satire then her proper object know,
And ere she strike be sure she strike a foe.
Nor fondly deem the real fool confest,
Because blind Ridicule conceives a jest;
Before whose altar Virtue oft' hath bled,
And oft' a destin'd victim shall be led:
Lo! Shaftsb'ry rears her high on Reason's throne,
And loads the slave with honours not her own:
Big-swoln with folly, as her smiles provoke,
Profaneness spawns, pert dunces nurse the joke!
Come, let us join a while this titt'ring crew,
And own the idiot guide for once is true;
Deride our weak forefather's musty rule,
Who therefore smil'd because they saw a fool;
Sublimer logic now adorns our isle,
We therefore see a fool because we smile.
Truth in her gloomy cave why fondly seek?
Lo! gay she sits in Laughter's dimpled cheek
Contemns each surly academic foe,
And courts the spruce freethinker and the beau.
Dædalian arguments but few can trace,
But all can read the language of grimace.
Hence mighty Ridicule's all-conqu'ring hand
Shall work Herculean wonders thro' the land:
Bound in the magic of her cobweb chain,
You, mighty Warburton! shall rage in vain;

In vain the trackless maze of truth you scan,
And lend th' informing clue to erring man.
No more shall Reason boast her pow'r divine,
Her base eternal shook by Folly's mine!
Truth's sacred fort th' exploded laugh shall win,
And coxcombs vanquish Berkeley by a grin.
But you, more sage, reject th' inverted rule,
That truth is e'er explor'd by ridicule:
On truth, on falsehood, let her colours fall,
She throws a dazzling glare alike on all;
As the gay prism but mocks the flatter'd eye,
And gives to ev'ry object ev'ry dye.
Beware the mad advent'rer: bold and blind
She hoists her sail, and drives with ev'ry wind;
Deaf as the storm to sinking Virtue's groan,
Nor heeds a friend's destruction or her own.
Let clear-ey'd Reason at the helm preside,
Bear to the wind, or stem the furious tide;
Then mirth may urge when reason can explore;
This point the way, that waft us glad to shore.
Tho' distant times may rise in Satire's page,
Yet chief 'tis her's to draw the present age:
With Wisdom's lustre Folly's shade contrast,
And judge the reigning manners by the past;
Bid Britain's heroes (awful shades!) arise,
And ancient honour beam on modern vice;

Point back to minds ingenuous, actions fair,
Till the sons blush at what their fathers were:
Ere yet 'twas beggary the great to trust,
Ere yet 'twas quite a folly to be just;
When low-born sharpers only dar'd a lie,
Or falsify'd the card, or cogg'd the die;
Ere lewdness the stain'd garb of Honour wore,
Or Chastity was carted for the whore;
Vice flutter'd, in the plumes of Freedom drest,
Or public spirit was the public jest.
Be ever in a just expression bold,
Yet ne'er degrade fair Satire to a scold:
Let no unworthy mien her form debase,
But let her smile and let her frown with grace;
In mirth be temp'rate, temp'rate in her spleen,
Nor, while she preaches modesty, obscene.
Deep let her wound, not rankle to a sore,
Nor call his Lordship ——, her Grace a——.
The Muse's charms resistless then assail
When wrapp'd in Irony's transparent veil:
Her beauties half-conceal'd the more surprise,
And keener lustre sparkles in her eyes.
Then be your line with sharp encomiums grac'd;
Style Clodius Honourable, Bufa Chaste.
Dart not on folly an indignant eye:
Whoe'er discharg'd artillery on a fly?

Deride not Vice; absurd the thought and vain
To bind the tiger in so weak a chain.
Nay more; when flagrant crimes your laughter mov
The knave exults: to smile is to approve.
The Muse's labours then success shall crown
When folly feels her smile, and Vice her frown.
Know next what measures to each theme belong,
And suit your thoughts and numbers to your song:
On wing proportion'd to your quarry rise,
And stoop to earth, or soar among the skies.
Thus when a modish folly you rehearse,
Free the expression, simple be the verse:
In artless numbers paint th' ambitious peer
That mounts the box, and shines a charioteer:
In strains familiar sing the midnight toil
Of camps and senates disciplin'd by Hoyle;
Patriots and chiefs, whose deep design invades
And carries off the captive king—of Spades!
Let Satire here in milder vigour shine,
And gaily graceful sport along the line;
Bid courtly Fashion quit her thin pretence,
And smile each affectation into sense.
Not so when Virtue, by her guards betray'd,
Spurn'd from her throne, implores the Muses' aid
When crimes, which erst in kindred darkness lay,
Rise frontless, and insult the eye of day;

Indignant Hymen veils his hallow'd fires,
And white-rob'd Chastity with tears retires:
When rank Adult'ry on the genial bed,
Hot from Cocytus, rears her baleful head;
When private faith and public trust are sold,
And traitors barter liberty for gold;
When fell Corruption dark and deep, like Fate,
Saps the foundation of a sinking state;
When giant Vice and Irreligion rise
On mountain'd falsehoods to invade the skies;
Then warmer numbers glow thro' Satire's page,
And all her smiles are darken'd into rage;
On eagle wings she gains Parnassus' height,
Not lofty Epic soars a nobler flight:
Then keener indignation fires her eye;
Then flash her lightnings and her thunders fly:
Wide and more wide her flaming bolts are hurl'd,
Till all her wrath involves the guilty world.
  Yet Satire oft' assumes a gentler mien,
And beams on Virtue's friends a smile serene:
She wounds reluctant, pours her balm with joy,
Glad to commend where worth attracts her eye:
But chief when virtue, learning, arts, decline,
She joys to see unconquer'd Merit shine;
Where bursting glorious with departing ray
True genius gilds the close of Britain's day:

With joy she sees the stream of Roman art
From Murray's tongue flow purer to the heart;
Sees Yorke to fame e'er yet to manhood known,
And just to ev'ry virtue but his own;
Hears unstain'd Cam with gen'rous pride proclai
A sage's, critic's, and a poet's name;
Behold where Widcombe's happy hills ascend,
Each orphan'd art and virtue find a friend;
To Hagley's honour'd shade directs her view,
And culls each flower to form a wreath for you.

But tread with cautious step this dang'rous grot
Beset with faithless precipices round:
Truth be your guide; disdain Ambition's call;
And if you fall with Truth you greatly fall.
'Tis Virtue's native lustre that must shine;
The poet can but set it in his line:
And who, unmov'd with laughter, can behold
A sordid pebble meanly grac'd with gold?
Let real merit then adorn your lays,
For shame attends on prostituted praise;
And all your wit, your most distinguish'd art,
But makes us grieve you want an honest heart.

Nor think the Muse by Satire's law confin'd;
She yields description of the noblest kind.
Inferior art the landscape may design,
And paint the purple ev'ning in the line:

laring thought essays a higher plan;
and delineates passion, pictures man.
great the toil the latent soul to trace,
aint the heart, and catch internal grace;
rns bid Vice or Virtue strike our eyes,
bid a Wolsey or a Cromwell rise;
with a touch more sacred and refin'd,
orth a Chesterfield's or Lonsdale's mind.
sweet or strong may ev'ry colour flow,
let the pencil warm, the canvass glow;
ht and shade provoke the noble strife,
wake each striking feature into life.

PART III.

THRO' ages thus has Satire keenly s
The friend to truth, to virtue, and ma
Yet the bright flame from virtue ne'er
And man was guilty ere the poet sung.
This Muse in silence joy'd each better
Till glowing crimes had wak'd her int
Truth saw her honest spleen with new
And bade her wing her shafts and urg
First on the sons of Greece she prov'd
And Sparta felt the fierce Iambic dart
To Latium next avenging Satire flew;
The flaming falchion rough Lucilius dr
With dauntless warmth in Virtue's ca
And conscious villains trembled as he

Then sportive Horace caught the ge
For Satire's bow resign'd the sounding
Each arrow polish'd in his hand was s
And as it grew more polish'd grew mo
His art, conceal'd in study'd negligenc
Politely sly, cajoll'd the foes of sense:
He seem'd to sport and trifle with the
But while he sported drove it to the h
In graver strains majestic Persius wro
Big with a ripe exuberance of thought

Greatly sedate, contemn'd a tyrant's reign,
And lash'd Corruption with a calm disdain.
More ardent eloquence and boundless rage
Inflame bold Juvenal's exalted page;
His mighty numbers aw'd corrupted Rome,
And swept audacious Greatness to its doom:
The headlong torrent thund'ring from on high
Rent the proud rock that lately brav'd the sky.
But, lo! the fatal victor of mankind,
Swoln Luxury!—pale Ruin stalks behind!
As countless insects from the north-east pour,
To blast the spring and ravage ev'ry flow'r,
So barb'rous millions spread contagious death,
The sick'ning laurel wither'd at her breath:
Deep Superstition's night the skies o'erhung,
Beneath whose baleful dews the poppy sprung:
No longer Genius woo'd the Nine to love,
But Dulness nodded in the Muse's grove;
Wit, spirit, freedom, were the sole offence,
Nor aught was held so dangerous as sense.
At length again fair Science shot her ray,
Dawn'd in the skies, and spoke returning day.
Now, Satire! triumph o'er thy flying foe,
Now loose thy quiver, string thy slacken'd bow.
'Tis done—See! great Erasmus breaks the spell,
And wounds triumphant Folly in her cell.

(In vain the solemn cowl surrounds her face,
Vain all her bigot cant, her sour grimace;)
With shame compell'd her leaden throne to quit,
And own the force of reason urg'd by wit.
'Twas then plain Donne in honest vengeance rose,
His wit harmonious, tho' his rhyme was prose:
He, 'midst an age of puns and pedants, wrote
With genuine sense and Roman strength of thought.
Yet scarce had Satire well relum'd her flame
(With grief the Muse records her country's shame)
Ere Britain saw the foul revolt commence,
And treach'rous Wit began her war with Sense.
Then rose a shameless mercenary train,
Whom latest time shall view with just disdain:
A race fantastic, in whose gaudy line
Untutor'd thought and tinsel beauty shine;
Wit's shatter'd mirror lies in fragments bright,
Reflects not nature, but confounds the sight.
Dry morals the court poet blush'd to sing;
'Twas all his praise to say "the oddest thing:"
Proud for a jest obscene, a patron's nod,
To martyr Virtue, or blaspheme his God.
Ill-fated Dryden! who unmov'd can see
Th' extremes of wit and meanness join'd in thee?
Flames that could mount, and gain their kindred skies,
Low creeping in the putrid sink of Vice;

A Muse whom wisdom woo'd, but woo'd in vain;
The Pimp of Pow'r, the prostitute to Gain:
Wreaths that should deck fair Virtue's form alone,
To strumpets, traitors, tyrants, vilely thrown:
Unrivall'd parts, the scorn of honest fame,
And genius rise a monument of shame!
More happy France: immortal Boileau there
Supported Genius with a sage's care;
Him with her love propitious Satire blest,
And breath'd her airs divine into his breast:
Fancy and sense to form his line conspire,
And faultless judgment guides the purest fire.
But see at length, the British Genius smile,
And show'r her bounties o'er her favour'd isle:
Behold for Pope she twines the laurel crown,
And centres ev'ry poet's pow'r in one!
Each Roman's force adorns his various page,
Gay smiles, collected strength, and manly rage.
Despairing Guilt and Dulness loath the sight,
As spectres vanish at approaching light:
In this clear mirror with delight we view
Each image justly fine and boldly true:
Here Vice, dragg'd forth by Truth's supreme decree,
Beholds and hates her own deformity:
While self-seen Virtue in the faithful line
With modest joy surveys her form divine.

But, oh! what thoughts, what numbers shall I f
But faintly to express the poets mind?
Who yonder star's effulgence can display,
Unless he dip his pencil in the ray?
Who paint a god unless the god inspire?
What catch the lightning but the speed of fire?
So mighty Pope! to make thy genius known,
All pow'r is weak, all numbers—but thy own.
Each Muse for thee with kind contention strove
For thee the Graces left th' Indian grove,
With watchful fondness o'er thy cradle hung,
Attun'd thy voice, and form'd thy infant tongue
Next to her bard majestic Wisdom came;
The bard enraptur'd caught the heav'nly flame
With taste superior scorn'd the venal tribe,
Whom fear can sway, or guilty greatness bribe;
At Fancy's call who rear the wanton sail,
Sport with the stream, and trifle in the gale:
Sublimer views thy daring spirit bound;
Thy mighty voyage was creation's round;
Intent new worlds of wisdom to explore,
And bless mankind with Virtue's sacred store;
A nobler joy than wit can give, impart,
And pour a moral transport o'er the heart.
Fantastic wit shoots momentary fires,
And, like a meteor, while we gaze expires:

Wit kindled by the sulph'rous breath of Vice,
Like the blue lightning, while it shines destroys;
But Genius, fir'd by Truth's eternal ray,
Burns clear and constant, like the source of day:
Like this its beam prolific and refin'd,
Feeds, warms, inspirits, and exalts the mind;
Mildly dispels each wintry passion's gloom,
And opens all the virtues into bloom.
This praise immortal Pope! to thee be giv'n;
Thy genius was indeed a gift from Heav'n.
Hail, Bard unequall'd! in whose deathless line
Reason and wit with strength collected shine;
Where matchless wit but wins the second praise.
Lost, nobly lost, in truth's superior blaze.
Did friendship e'er mislead thy wand'ring Muse?
That friendship sure may plead the great excuse;
That sacred friendship which inspir'd thy song,
Fair in defect, and amiably wrong.
Error like this ev'n truth can scarce reprove;
'Tis almost virtue when it flows from love.

Ye deathless names! ye sons of endless praise!
By Virtue crown'd with never fading bays!
Say, shall an artless Muse, if you inspire,
Light her pale lamp at your immortal fire?
Or if, O Warburton! inspir'd by you,
The daring Muse a nobler path pursue,

By you inspir'd on trembling pinions soa
The sacred founts of social bliss explore;
In her bold numbers chain the tyrant's r
And bid her country's glory fire her pag
If such her fate, do thou, fair Truth! de
And watchful guard her in an honest end
Kindly severe, instruct her equal line
To court no friend, nor own a foe, but th
But if her giddy eye should vainly quit
Thy sacred paths, to run the maze of wi
If her apostate heart should e'er incline
To offer incense at Corruption's shrine;
Urge, urge thy pow'r, the black attempt
And dash the smoking censer to the grou
Thus aw'd to fear, instructed bards may
That guilt is doom'd to sink in infamy.

ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY,

AND OTHER PIECES FOR MUSIC.

[Written in the Year 1708.]

I.

ESCEND, ye Nine! descend and sing,
he breathing instruments inspire;
Take into voice each silent string,
nd sweep the sounding lyre!
a sadly-pleasing strain
et the warbling lute complain;
et the loud trumpet sound
ill the roofs all around
he shrill echoes rebound;
While in more lengthen'd notes and slow
he deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
ark! the numbers soft and clear
ently steal upon the ear;
ow louder, and yet louder rise,
nd fill with spreading sounds the skies.
xulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
broken air trembling the wild music floats;

Till by degres, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away
In a dying, dying fall.

II.

By Music minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high nor sink too low.
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft assuasive voice applies;
Or when the soul is press'd with cares
Exalts her in enliv'ning airs.
Warriors she fires with animated sounds,
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds;
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
List'ning Envy drops her snakes;
Intestine war no more our passions wage,
And giddy factions bear away their rage.

III.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
How martial music ev'ry bosom warms!
So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,

While Argo saw her kindred trees
Descend from Pelion to the main:
Transported demigods stood round,
And men grew heroes at the sound,
Inflam'd with Glory's charms:
Each chief his sev'nfold shield display'd,
And half unsheath'd the shining blade;
And seas, and rocks, and skies, rebound,
To arms, to arms, to arms!

IV.

But when thro' all th' infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds,
Love, strong as Death, the Poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,
What sounds were heard,
What scenes appear'd,
O'er all the dreary coasts!
Dreadful gleams,
Dismal screams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortur'd ghosts!

But, hark! he strikes the golden ly
And, see! the tortur'd ghosts respi
See shady forms advance!
Thy stone, O Sisyphus! stands stil
Ixion rests upon his wheel,
And the pale spectres dance;
The Furies sink upon their iron be
And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning

V.

By the streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er th' Elysian flow'rs;
By those happy souls who dwell
In yellow meads of asphodel,
Or amaranthine bow'rs;
By the heroes' armed shades
Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy glades;
By the youths that dy'd for love,
Wand'ring in the myrtle grove,
Restore, restore Eurydice to life;
Oh, take the husband, or return the
He sung, and Hell consented
To hear the poet's pray'r;
Stern Proserpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.

Thus song could prevail
O'er death and o'er hell,
A conquest how hard and how glorious!
Tho' Fate had fast bound her,
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet music and love were victorious.

VI.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes;
Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!
How wilt thou now the Fatal sisters move?
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
Now under hanging mountains,
Beside the falls of fountains,
Or where Hebrus wanders,
Rolling in meanders,
All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan;
And calls her ghost,
For ever, ever, ever lost!
Now with Furies surrounded,
Despairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidst Rhodope's snows:

See, wild as the winds o'er the desert he flies;
Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals' cries—
Ah see, he dies!
Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung,
Eurydice still trembled on his tongue;
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains, rung.

VII.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And Fate's severest rage disarm:
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please:
Our Joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.
This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear;
Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire,
And angels lean from heav'n to hear.
Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell;
To bright Cecilia greater pow'r is giv'n:
His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,
Her's lift the soul to heav'n.

ODE ON SOLITUDE.

Written when the Author was about twelve Years old.

HAPPY the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Bless'd, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years, slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day.

Sound sleep by night; study and ease
Together mix'd; sweet recreation;
And innocence, which most does please,
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

ODE.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

I.

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying;
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature! cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

II.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister Spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite!
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my Soul! can this be Death?

III.

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

THE SATIRES

OF

DR. JOHN DONNE,

DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S, VERSIFIED.

Quid vetat et nosmet Lucili scripta legentes
Quærere, num illius, num rerum dura negarit
Versiculos natura magis factos, et euntes
Mollius? HOR.

SATIRE II.

YES, thank my stars! as early as I knew
This Town, I had the sense to hate it too;
Yet here, as ev'n in hell, there must be still
One giant vice so excellently ill,
That all beside one pities, not abhors,
As who knows Sappho smiles at other whores.

SATIRE II.

SIR, tho' (I thank God for it) I do hate
Perfectly all this Town, yet there's one state
In all ill things so excellently best,
That hate towards them breeds pity towards the rest.

I grant that poetry's a crying sin;
It brought (no doubt) th' Excise and Army in:
Catch'd like the plague, or love, the Lord knows how,
But that the cure is starving all allow.
Yet like Papist's is the poet's state,
Poor and disarm'd, and hardly worth your hate!
Here a lean bard, whose wit could never give
Himself a dinner, makes an actor live:
The thief condemn'd, in law already dead,
So prompts and saves a rogue who cannot read.
Thus as the pipes of some carv'd organ move,
The gilded puppets dance and mount above:
Heav'n by th' breath th' inspiring bellows blow;
Th' inspiring bellows lie and pant below.

Tho' poetry, indeed, be such a sin
As I think brings death and Spaniards in;
Tho', like the pestilence and old-fashion'd love,
Ridlingly it catch men, and doth remove
Never till it be starv'd out; yet their state
Is poor, disarm'd, like Papists, not worth hate:
One (like a wretch, which at bar judg'd as dead,
Yet prompts him which stands next, and cannot read,
And saves his life) gives idiot actors means,
(Starving himself) to live by's labour'd scenes.
As in some organs puppets dance above,
And bellows pant below which them do move,

One sings the fair; but songs no longer move;
No rat is rhym'd to death, nor maid to love:
In love's, in Nature's, spite the siege they hold,
And scorn the flesh, the devil, and all but gold.
These write to lords, some mean reward to get,
As needy beggars sing at doors for meat:
Those write because all write, and so have still
Excuse for writing, and for writing ill.
Wretched, indeed! but far more wretched yet
Is he who makes his meal on others' wit:
'Tis chang'd, no doubt, from what it was before;
His rank digestion makes it wit no more:

One would move love by rhymes; but witchcraft's charms
Bring not now their old fears nor their old harms.
Rams and slings now are silly battery;
Pistolets are the best artillery:
And they who write to lords rewards to get,
Are they not like singers at doors for meat?
And they who write, because all write, have still
Th' excuse for writing, and for writing ill.
But he is worst who (beggarly) doth chaw
Others' wits' fruits, and in his ravenous maw
Rankly digested, doth those things out-spue
As his own things: and they're his own, 'tis true;

Sense pass'd thro' him no longer is the same;
For food digested takes another name.
I pass o'er all those confessors and martyrs
Who live like S—tt—n, or who die like Chartres,
Outcant old Esdras, or outdrink his heir,
Out-usure Jews, or Irishmen out-swear;
Wicked as pages, who in early years
Acts sins which Prisca's confessor scarce hears.
Ev'n those I pardon, for whose sinful sake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make;
Of whose strange crimes no canonist can tell
In what commandment's large contents they dwell.
One, one man only breeds my just offence,
Whom crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave impu-

For if one my meat, tho' it be known
The meat was mine, th' excrement is his own.
But these do me no harm, nor they which use
To . . . . . out-usure Jews,
T' out-drink the sea, t' out-swear the Litany,
Who with sins all kinds as familiar be
As confessors, and for whose sinful sake,
Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make;
Whose strange sins canonists could hardly tell
In which commandment's large receipt they dwell.
But these punish themselves. The insolence
Of Coscus only breeds my just offence,

Time, that at last matures a clap to pox,
Whose gentle progress makes a calf an ox,
And brings all natural events to pass,
Hath made him an Attorney of an Ass.
No young divine, benefic'd, can be
More pert, more proud, more positive, than he.
What further could I wish the fop to do
But turn a wit, and scribble verses too?
Pierce the soft lab'rinth of a lady's ear
With rhymes of this *per cent.* and that *per* year!
Or court a wife, spread out his wily parts,
Like nets, or lime-twigs, for rich widows' hearts;
Call himself Barrister to ev'ry wench,
And wooe in language of the Pleas and Bench?

Whom time (which rots all, and make botches pox,
And plodding on must make a calf an ox)
Hath made a lawyer which (alas!) of late,
But scarce a poet, jollier of this state
Than are new-benefic'd ministers: he throws,
Like nets or lime-twigs, whereso'er he goes,
His title of Barrister on every wench,
And wooes in language of the Pleas and Bench* *
Words, words which would tear
The tender labyrinth of a maid's soft ear,

Language which Boreas might to Auster hold,
More rough than forty Germans when they scold.
Curs'd be the wretch, so venal and so vain,
Paltry and proud as drabs in Drury-Lane.
'Tis such a bounty as was never known,
If Peter deigns to help you to your own:
What thanks, what praise, if Peter but supplies!
And what a solemn face if he denies!
Grave, as when pris'ners shake the head, and swear
'Twas only suretyship that brought 'em there.
His office keeps your parchment fates entire,
He starves with cold to save them from the fire;
For you he walks the streets thro rain or dust,
For not in chariots Peter puts his trust:
For you he sweats and labours at the laws,
Takes God to witness he affects your cause,

More, more than ten Scalvonians scolding, more
Than when winds in our ruin'd abbys roar.
When sick with poetry, and possess'd with Muse
Thou wast, and mad, I hop'd; but men which chuse
Law-practice for meer gain, bold souls repute
Worse than imbrothell'd strumpets prostitute.
Now like an owl-like watchman must he walk,
His hand still at a bill; now he must talk
Idly, like pris'ners, which whole months will swear
That only suretyship hath brought them there,

s to ev'ry lord in ev'ry thing,
king's favourite—or like a king.
re the talents that adorn them all,
icked Waters ev'n to godly * *
re of Simony beneath black gowns,
e of bastardy in heirs to crowns.
ngs and in pence at first they deal,
al so little, few perceive they steal;
the sea, they compass all the land,
cots to Wight, from Mount to Dover Strand:
en rank widows purchase luscious nights,
a duke to Janssen punts at White's,
heir in mortgage melts away,
mself feels far less joy than they.

---

every suitor he in ev'ry thing.
king's favourite, or like a king:
vedge in a block wring to the bar,
like asses, and more shameless far
rted whores, lye to the grave judge; for
y abounds not in kings' titles, nor
and Sodomy in churchmen's lives,
things do in him; by these he thrives.
(as th' sea) he'll compass all the land,
cots to Wight, from Mount to Dover Strand;
ing heirs melting with luxury,
ill not joy at their sins as he.

Piece-meal they win this acre first, then that,
Glean on, and gather up the whole estate;
Then strongly fencing ill-got wealth by law,
Indentures, cov'nants, articles, they draw,
Large as the fields themselves, and larger far
Than Civil codes, with all their glosses, are;
So vast, our new divines, we must confess,
Are fathers of the church for writing less.
But let them write, for you each rogue impairs
The deeds, and dex'trously omits *ses heires:*
No commentator can more slily pass
O'er a learn'd unintelligible place;
Or in quotation shrewd divines leave out
Those words that would against them clear the doubt.

For as a thrifty wench scrapes kitchen stuff,
And barrelling the droppings and the snuff
Of wasting candles, which in thirty year,
(Reliquely kept) perchance buys wedding chear)
Piece-meal he gets lands, and spends as much time
Wringing each acre as maids pulling prime.
In parchment then, large as the fields he draws
Assurances big as gloss'd civil laws;
So huge, that men (in our time's forwardness)
Are father's of the church for writing less.
These he writes not, nor for these written pays,
Therefore spares no length; (as in those first days

So Luther thought the Pater-noster long,
When doom'd to say his beads and even song;
But having cast his cowl, and left those laws,
Adds to Christ's pray'r the Pow'r and Glory clause.
The lands are bought; but where are to be found
Those ancient woods that shaded all the ground?
We see no new built palaces aspire,
No kitchens emulate the Vestal fire.
Where are those troops of poor that throng'd of yore
The good old landlord's hospitable door?
Well, I could wish that still in lordly domes,
Some beasts were kill'd, tho' not whole hecatombs;
That both extremes were banish'd from their walls,
Carthusian fasts and fulsome Bacchanals;

When Luther was profest, he did desire
Short Pater-nosters, saying as a fryer
Each day his beads; but having left those laws,
Adds to Christ's pray'r the Power and Glory clause;
But when he sells or changes land, h' impairs
His writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out *ses heires*,
And slily, as any commentator, goes by
Hard words or sense; or in divinity
As controverters in vouch'd texts leave out
Shrewd words, which might against them clear the doubt.

And all mankind might that just mean observe,
In which none e'er could surfeit, none could star
These are good works, 'tis true, we all allow,
But, oh! these works are not in fashion now:
Like rich old wardrobes, things extremely rare,
Extremely fine, but what no man will wear.
Thus much I've said, I trust without offence;
Let no court sycophant pervert my sense,
Nor sly informer watch, these words to draw
Within the reach of treason or the law.

Where are those spread woods which cloth'd he
fore
Those bought lands? not built, nor burnt within
Where the old landlord's troops and alms? In h
Carthusian fasts and fulsome Bacchanals
Equally I hate. Means bl[illegible]. In rich men's h
I bid kill some beasts, but [illegible]hecatombs;
None starve, none surfeit so. But (oh!) w' allo
Good works as good, but out of fashion now,
Like old rich wardrobes. But my words none d
Within the vast reach of th' huge statute-laws.

SATIRE IV.

WELL ; if it be my time to quit the stage,
Adieu to all the follies of the age !
I die in charity with fool and knave,
Secure of peace at least beyond the grave.
I've had my purgatory here betimes,
And paid for all my satires, all my rhymes.
The poets' hell, its tortures, fiends, and flames,
To this were trifles, toys, and empty names.
With foolish pride my heart was never fir'd,
Nor the vain itch t' admire or be admir'd;
I hop'd for no commission from his Grace;
I bought no benefice, I begg'd no place;
Had no new verses nor new suit to show,
Yet went to court !—the devil would have it so.

SATIRE IV.

WELL; I may now receive and die. My sin
Indeed is great, but yet I have been in
A Purgatory, such as fear'd hell is
A recreation, and scant map of this.
My mind neither with pride's itch, nor yet hath been
Poison'd with love to see or to be seen.
I had no suit there, nor new suit to show,
Yet went to court: but as Glare, which did go

But as the fool that in reforming days
Would go to mass in jest, (as story says,)
Could not but think to pay his fine was odd,
Since 't was no form'd design of serving God,
So was I punish'd, as if full as proud,
As prone to ill, and negligent of good,
As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,
As vain, as idle, and as false, as they
Who live at court, for going once that way!
Scarce was I enter'd, when, behold! there ca
A thing which Adam had been pos'd to name
Noah had refus'd it lodging in his ark,
Where all the race of reptiles might embark:

To mass in jest, catch'd, was fain to disburse
The hundred marks, which is the statute's cu
Before he 'scap'd; so 't pleas'd my destiny
(Guilty of my sin of going) to think me
As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
Full, as proud, lustful, and as much in debt,
As vain, as witless, and as false as they
Which dwell in court, for once going that way
Therefore I suffer'd this. Towards me did r
A thing more strange than on Nile's slime the
E'er bred, or all which into Noah's ark came
A thing which would have pos'd Adam to nan

A verier monster than on Afric's shore
The sun e'er got, or slimy Nilus bore,
Or Sloane or Woodward's wondrous shelves contain,
Nay, all that lying travellers can feign.
The watch would hardly let him pass at noon,
At night would swear him dropp'd out of the moon:
One whom the mob, when next we find or make
A Popish plot, shall for a Jesuit take,
And the wise justice, starting from his chair,
Cry' by your priesthood, tell me what you are?
Such was the wight: the apparel on his back,
Tho' coarse was rev'rend, and tho' bare was black:
The suit, if by the fashion one might guess,
Was velvet in the youth of good Queen Bess,

Stranger than seven antiquaries' studies,
Than Afric's monsters, Guiana's rarities;
Stranger than strangers: one who for a Dane
In the Danes' massacre had sure been slain,
If he had liv'd then, and without help dies
When next the 'prentices 'gainst strangers rise:
One whom the watch at noon lets scarce go by;
One t' whom th' examining justice sure would cry,
Sir, by your priesthood, tell me what you are? [bare;
His cloaths were strange tho' coarse, and black tho'
Sleeveless his jerkin was, and it had been
Velvet, but 't was now (so much ground was seen)

But mere tufftaffety what now remain'd;
So Time, that changes all things, had ordain'd
Our sons shall see it leisurely decay,
First turn plain rash, then vanish quite away.
This thing has travell'd, speaks each langu
And knows what's fit for ev'ry state to do;
Of whose best phrase and courtly accent join'
He forms one tongue, exotic and refin'd.
Talkers I've learn'd to bear; Motteux I knev
Henly himself I've heard, and Budgell too,
The Doctor's wormwood style, the hash of to
A pedant makes, the storm of Gonson's lungs,
The whole artill'ry of the terms of war,
And (all those plagues in one) the bawling ba
These I could bear; but not a rogue so civil
Whose tongue will compliment you to the dev

Become tufftaffety; and our children shall
See it plain rash a while, then nought at all.
The thing hath travell'd, and, faith, speaks all t
And only knoweth what to all states belongs;
Made of the accents and best phrase of all th
He speaks one language. If strange meats di
Art can deceive or hunger force my taste;
But pedants' motley tongue, soldiers' bombast
Mountebanks' drug-tongue, nor the terms of l
Are strong enough preparatives to draw

A tongue that can cheat widows, cancel scores,
Make Scots speak treason, cozen subtlest whores,
With royal favourites in flatt'ry vie,
And Oldmixon and Burnet both outlie.
He spies me out; I whisper, gracious God!
What sin of mine could merit such a rod?
That all the shot of Dulness now must be
From this thy blunderbuss discharg'd on me!
Permit, he cries, no stranger to your fame,
To crave your sentiment, if ——'s your name.
What speech esteem you most? The King's, said I.
But the best words?—O, Sir, the Dictionary.
You miss my aim; I mean the most acute,
And perfect speaker—Onslow, past dispute.

Me to hear this; yet I must be content
With his tongue, in his tongue called complement;
In which he can win widows, and pay scores,
Make men speak treason, cozen subtlest whores,
Out-flatter favourites, or outlie either
Jovius or Surius, or both together.
He names me, and comes to me: I whisper, God!
How have I sinn'd, that thy wrath's furious rod,
This fellow chuseth me? He saith, Sir,
I love your judgment; whom do you prefer
For the best linguist? and I sililly
Said, that I thought Calepine's Dictionary.

But, Sir, of writers? Swift for closer style,
But Hoadly for a period of a mile.
Why, yes, 'tis granted, these indeed may pass;
Good common linguists, and so Panurge was;
Nay, troth the Apostles (tho' perhaps too rough)
Had once a pretty gift of tongues enough:
Yet these were all poor gentlemen! I dare
Affirm 'twas travel made them what they were.
Thus others' talents having nicely shown,
He came by sure transition to his own;
Till I cry'd out, You prove yourself so able,
Pity you was not druggerman at Babel;
For had they found a linguist half so good,
I make no question but the Tow'r had stood.

Nay, But of men? most sweet Sir! Beza, then,
Some Jesuits, and two rev'rend men
Of our two academies, I nam'd. Here
He stopt me, and said; Nay, your Apostles were
Good pretty linguists; so Panurgus was,
Yet a poor gentleman; all these may pass
By travail. Then, as if he would have sold
His tongue he prais'd it, and such wonders told,
That I was fain to say, if you had liv'd, Sir,
Time enough to have been interpreter
To Babel's bricklayers, sure the Tow'r had stood
He adds, If of court-life you knew the good

Obliging Sir! for courts you sure were made,
Why then for ever bury'd in the shade?
Spirits like you should see and should be seen;
The King would smile on you—at least the Queen.
Ah, gentle Sir! you courtiers so cajole us—
But Tully has it, *Nunquam minus solus:*
And as for courts, forgive me if I say,
No lessons now are taught the Spartan way.
Tho' in his pictures Lust be full display'd,
Few are the converts Aretine has made;
And tho the Court show vice exceeding clear,
None should, by my advice, learn virtue there.
At this entranc'd, he lifts his hands and eyes,
Squeaks like a high-stretch'd lutestring, and replies;
Oh 'tis the sweetest of all earthly things
To gaze on princes, and to talk of kings!
Then happy man who shows the tombs! said I;
He dwells amidst the royal family;

You would leave loneness. I said, not alone
My loneness is; but Spartanes' fashion;
To teach by painting drunkards, doth not last
Now; Aretine's pictures have made few chaste;
No more can princes' courts, tho' there be few
Better pictures of vice, teach me virtue.
He, like to a high-stretch'd lutestring squeakt, O, Sir!
'Tis sweet to talk of kings! At Westminster,

He ev'ry day from king to king can walk,
Of all our Harries, all our Edwards talk,
And get, by speaking truth of monarchs dead,
What few can of the living, ease and bread.
Lord, Sir, a mere mechanic! strangely low,
And coarse of phrase—your English all are so.
How elegantly your Frenchmen! Mine, d'ye me
I have but one, I hope the fellow's clean.
Oh! Sir, politely so! nay let me die,
Your only wearing is your Paduasoy.
Not, Sir, my only; I have better still,
And this you see is but my dishabille—
Wild to get loose, his patience I provoke,
Mistake, confound, object at all he spoke:

Said I, the man that keeps the Abbey tombs,
And for his price doth, with whoever comes,
Of all our Harrys and our Edwards talk,
From king to king, and all their kin can walk;
Your ears shall hear nought but kings; your eyes r
Kings only; the way to it is King's-street.
He smack'd and cry'd, He's base, mechanique co
So're all your Englishmen in their discourse.
Are not your Frenchmen neat? Mine, as you se
I have but one, Sir; look, he follows me.
Certes, the're neatly cloath'd. I of this mind a
Your only wearing is your grogaram.

But as coarse iron, sharpen'd, mangles more,
And itch most burns when anger'd to a sore;
So when you plague a fool, 'tis still the curse,
You only make the matter worse and worse.
He past it o'er; affects an easy smile
At all my peevishness, and turns his style.
He asks, what news? I tell him of new plays,
New eunuchs, harlequins, and operas.
He hears, and as a still, with simples in it,
Between each drop it gives stays half a minute,
Loath to enrich me with too quick replies,
By little and by little drops he lies.
Mere household trash! of birthnights, balls, and shows
More than ten Holinsheds, or Halls, or Stows.

Not so, Sir; I have more. Under this pitch
He would not fly. I chaf'd him; but as itch
Scratch'd into smart, and as blunt iron ground
Into an edge hurts worse; so I (fool!) found
Crossing hurts me. To fit my sullenness,
He to another key his stile doth dress,
And asks, what news? I tell him of new plays:
He takes my hand, and as a still, which stays
A semibrief 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,
As loath to inrich me, so tells many a lye,
When the Queen frown'd or smil'd; and he knows what
A subtle statesman may gather of that;

When the Queen frown'd or smil'd he know
A subtle minister may make of that:
Who sins, with whom; who got his pension r
Or quicken'd a reversion by a drug;
Whose place is quarter'd out three parts in f
And whether to a bishop or a whore:
Who having lost his credit, pawn'd his rent,
Is therefore fit to have a government:
Who in the secret deals in stocks secure,
And cheats th' unknowing widow and the poo
Who makes a trust of charity a job,
And gets an act of parliament to rob:
Why turnpikes rise and now no cit nor clown
Can gratis see the country or the town:
Shortly no lad shall chuck or lady vole,
But some excising courtier must have toll:
He tells what strumpet places sells for life,
What 'squire his lands, what citizen his wife

He knows who loves whom, and who by poisc
Hastes to an office's reversion:
He knows who 'ath sold his land, and now dot
A licence, old iron, boots, shoes, and egg-
Shells to transport. Shortly boys shall not pl
At span-counter, or blow-point, but shall pay
Toll to some courtier; and, wiser than all us
He knows what lady is not painted. Thus

At last (which proves him wiser still than all)
What lady's face is not a whited wall.
As one of Woodward's patients, sick and sore,
I puke, I nauseate—yet he thrusts in more;
Trims Europe's balance, tops the statesman's part,
And talks Gazettes and Postboys o'er by heart.
Like a big wife at sight of loathsome meat,
Ready to cast, I yawn, I sigh and sweat:
Then as a licens'd spy, whom nothing can
Silence or hurt, he libels the great man;
Swears ev'ry place entail'd for years to come
In sure succession to the day of doom:

He with home meats cloyes me. I belch, spue, spit,
Look pale and sickly like a patient, yet
He thrust on more; and as he had undertook
To say Gallo Belgicus without a book,
Speaks of all states and deeds that have been since
The Spaniards came to the loss of Amyens,
Like a big wife, at sight of loathed meat,
Ready to travail, so I sigh and sweat
To hear this makaron talk in vain; for yet,
Either my humour or his own to fit,
He, like a privileg'd spy, whom nothing can
Discredit, libels now 'gainst each great man.

He names the price for ev'ry office paid,
And says our wars thrive ill because delay'd:
Nay hints 'tis by connivance of the Court
That Spain robs on, and Dunkirk's still a port.
Not more amazement seiz'd on Circe's guests,
To see themselves fall endlong into beasts,
Than mine, to find a subject, stay'd and wise,
Already half-turn'd traitor by surprize.
I felt th' infection slide from him to me,
As in the pox some give it to get free;
And quick to swallow me methought I saw
One of our giant statues ope its jaw.

He names a price for ev'ry office paid:
He saith, our wars thrive ill, because delay'd;
That offices are in tail, and that there are
Perpetuities of them lasting as far
As the last day, and that great officers
Do with the Spaniards share and Dunkirkers.
Who wastes in meat, in cloaths, in horse he notes;
Who loves whores . . . . . .
I, more amaz'd than Circe's prisoners, when
They felt themselves turn beasts, felt myself then
Becoming traitor, and methought I saw
One of our giant statues ope his jaw
To suck me in for hearing him: I found,
That as burnt venomous leachers do grow sound

In that nice moment, as another lie
Stood just a-tilt, the minister came by.
To him he flies, and bows, and bows again,
Then, close as Umbra, joins the dirty train.
Not Fannius' self more impudently near,
When half his nose is in his prince's ear.
I quak'd at heart; and, still afraid to see
All the Court fill'd with stranger things than he,

By giving others their sores, I might grow
Guilty, and he free: therefore I did show
All signs of loathing; but since I am in,
I must pay mine and my forefathers' sin
To the last farthing: therefore to my power
Toughly and stubbornly I bear this cross: but th' hour
Of mercy now was come: he tries to bring
Me to pay a fine to 'scape his torturing,
And says, Sir, can you spare me—? I said, willingly.
Nay, Sir, can you spare me a crown? Thankfully I
Gave it as ransom. But as fiddlers still,
Tho' they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
Thrust one more jigg upon you; so did he
With his long complimental thanks vex me.
But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,
And the prerogative of my crown. Scant
His thanks were ended, when I (which did see
All the court fill'd with such strange things as he)

Ran out as fast as one that pays his bail,
And dreads more actions, hurries from a jail.
Bear me, some God! oh! quickly bear me hence
To wholesome solitude, the nurse of sense,
Where Contemplation prunes her ruffl'd wings,
And the free soul looks down to pity kings!
There sober thought pursu'd th' amusing theme,
Till fancy colour'd it, and form'd a dream.
A vision hermits can to hell transport,
And forc'd e'en me to see the damn'd at Court.
Not Dante, dreaming all th' infernal state,
Beheld such scenes of envy, sin, and hate.
Base fear becomes the guilty not the free,
Suits tyrants, plunderers, but suits not me.
Shall I, the terror of this sinful Town,
Care if a liv'ry lord or smile or frown?

Ran from thence with such or more haste than one
Who fears more actions doth haste from prison.
At home in wholesome solitariness
My piteous soul began the wretchedness
Of suitors at Court to mourn, and a trance
Like his who dreamt he saw hell did advance
Itself o'er me: such men as he saw there
I saw at Court, and worse, and more. Low fear
Becomes the guilty, not th' accuser; then
Shall I, none's slave, of high born or rais'd men

Who cannot flatter, and detest who can,
Tremble before a noble serving-man?
O my fair mistress, Truth! shall I quit thee
For huffing, braggart, puft nobility?
Thou who, since yesterday, hast roll'd o'er all
The busy idle blockheads of the ball,
Hast thou, oh Sun! beheld an emptier sort
Than such as swell this bladder of a Court?
Now pox on those who shew a court in wax!
It ought to bring all courtiers on their backs;
Such painted puppets! such a varnish'd race
Of hollow gewgaws, only dress and face!
Such waxen notes, such stately staring things—
No wonder some folks bow, and think them kings.

Fear frowns, and, my mistress Truth! betray thee
To th' huffing, braggart, puft nobilitie?
No, no; thou which since yesterday hast been
Almost about the whole world, hast thou seen,
O Sun! in all thy journey, vanity
Such as swells the bladder of our Court? I
Think he which made your waxen garden, and
Transported it from Italy, to stand
With us at London, flouts our courtiers; for
Just such gay painted things, which no sap nor
Taste have in them, ours are; and natural
Some of the stocks are, their fruits bastards all.

See! where the British youth, engag'd no more
At Fig's, at White's, with felons, or a whore,
Pay their last duty to the Court, and come
All fresh and fragrant to the drawing room,
In hues as gay, and odours as divine,
As the fair fields they sold to look so fine.
That's velvet for a king! the flatt'rer swears;
'Tis true, for ten days hence 'twill be King Lear's.
Our Court may justly to our stage give rules,
That helps it both to fools'-coats and to fools.
And why not players strut in courtiers' clothes?
For these are actors too as well as those.
Wants reach all states: they beg but better drest,
And all is splendid poverty at best.

'Tis ten a-clock, and past; all whom the meuse,
Baloun, tennis, diet, or the stews
Had all the morning held, now the second
Time made ready, that day in flocks are found
In the presence, and I, (God pardon me!)
As fresh and sweet their apparels be, as be
The fields they sold to buy them. For a king
Those hose are, cries the flatt'rer; and bring
Them next week to the theatre to sell.
Wants reach all states. Me seems they do as well
At stage as Court. All are players; whoe'er looks
(For themselves dare not go) o'er Cheapside books,

'ainted for sight, and essenc'd for the smell,
ike frigates fraught with spice and cochineal,
ail in the ladies: how each pirate eyes
o weak a vessel and so rich a prize!
'op-gallant he and she in all her trim,
[e boarding her, she striking sail to him.
lear Countess! you have charms all hearts to hit!
nd, sweet Sir Fopling! you have so much wit!
uch wits and beauties are not prais'd for nought,
or both the beauty and the wit are bought.
'would burst e'en Heraclitus with the spleen
o see those antics, Fopling and Courtin:
he presence seems, with things so richly odd,
he mosque of Mahound, or some queer pagod.

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nall find their wardrobe's inventory. Now
he ladies come As pirates, which do know
hat there come weak ships fraught with cochineal,
he men board them, and praise (as they think) well
heir beauties; they the men's wits: both are bought.
'hy good wits: ne'er wear scarlet gowns I thought.
nis cause; these men men's wits for speeches buy,
nd women buy all reds which scarlets dye.
e call'd her beauty lime-twigs, her hair net:
e fears her drugs ill laid, her hair loose set.
'ouldn't Heraclitus laugh to see Macrine
'om hat to shoe himself at door refine,

See them survey their limbs by Durer's rules,
Of all beau-kind the best proportion'd fools!
Adjust their clothes, and to confession draw
Those venial sins, an atom, or a straw:
But, oh! what terrors must distract the soul
Convicted of that mortal crime——a hole?
Or should one pound of powder less bespread
Those monkey tails that wag behind their head;
Thus finish'd, and corrected to a hair,
They march, to prate their hour before the fair.
So first to preach a white-glov'd chaplain goes,
With band of lily, and with cheek of rose,
Sweeter than Sharon, in immac'late trim,
Neatness itself impertinent in him.

As if the presence were a Moschite; and lift
His skirts and hose, and call his clothes to shrift,
Making them confess not only mortal
Great stains and holes in them, but venial
Feathers and dust, wherewith they fornicate?
And then by Durer's rules survey the state
Of his each limb, and with strings the odd tries
Of his neck to his legs, and waist to thighs.
So in immaculate clothes and symmetry
Perfect as circles, with such nicety
As a young preacher at his first time goes
To preach, he enters, and a lady, which owes

Let but the ladies smile and they are blest:
Prodigious! how the things protest, protest.
Peace, fools! or Gonson will for Papists seize you,
If once he catch you at your Jesu! Jesu!
Nature made ev'ry fop to plague his brother,
Just as one beauty mortifies another.
But here's the captain that will plague them both,
Whose air cries arm! whose very look's an oath.
The captain's honest, Sirs, and that's enough,
Tho' his soul's bullet, and his body buff:
He spits fore right; his haughty chest before,
Like batt'ring-rams, beats open ev'ry door;

Him not so much as good-will, he arrests,
And unto her protests, protests, protests;
So much as at Rome would serve to have thrown
Ten cardinals into the Inquisition,
And whispers by Jesu so oft', that a
Pursuivant would have ravish'd him away
For saying of our Lady's psalter. But 'tis fit
That they each other plague; they merit it.
But here comes Glorious, that will plague them both,
Who in the other extreme only doth
Call a rough carelessness good fashion;
Whose cloak his spurs tear, or whom he spits on,
He cares not, he. His ill words do no harm
To him; he rushes in, as if arm, arm!

And with a face as red, and as awry,
As Herod's hang-dogs in old tapestry,
Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curse,
Has yet a strange ambition to look worse;
Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe,
Jests like a licens'd fool, commands like Law.
Frighted, I quit the room, but leave it so
As men from goals to execution go;
For hung with deadly sins I see the wall,
And lin'd with giants deadlier than all:
Each man an Askapart, of strength to toss,
For quoits, both Temple-bar and Charing-cross.
Scar'd at the grisly forms, I sweat, I fly,
And shake all o'er, like a discover'd spy.

He meant to cry; and tho' his face be as ill
As theirs which in old hangings whip Christ, still
He strives to look worse: he keeps all in awe,
Jests like a licens'd fool, commands like Law.
Tir'd, now, I leave this place, and but pleas'd so
As men from goals to execution go;
Go thro' the great chamber, (why is it hung
With the seven deadly sins?) being among
Those Askaparts, men big enough to throw
Charing-cross for a bar, men that do know
No token of worth but Queen's man and fine
Living, barrels of beef and flagons of wine.

Courts are too much for wits so weak as mine:
Charge them with Heav'n's artill'ry, bold divine!
From such alone the great rebukes endure,
Whose satire's sacred and whose rage secure:
'Tis mine to wash a few light stains, but theirs
To deluge sin, and drown a court in tears.
Howe'er, what's now apocrypha, my wit,
In time to come, may pass for holy writ. 287

I shook like a spy'd spy. Preachers! which are
Seas of wit and arts, you can, then dare
Drown the sins of this place; for, for me,
Which am but a scant brook, it enough shall be
To wash the stains away. Altho' I yet
(With Machabee modesty) the known merit
Of my work lessen, yet some wise man shall,
I hope, esteem my writs canonical.

LOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

IN TWO DIALOGUES.

[Written in the Year 1738.]

DIALOGUE I.

Not twice a twelvemonth you appear in print,
hen it comes the Court see nothing in't.
ow correct that once with rapture writ,
're, besides, too moral for a wit.
of parts, alas! we all must feel—
ow, this moment, don't I see you steal?
' from Horace; Horace long before ye
Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a Tory;"
ught his Romans, in much better metre,
ugh at fools who put their trust in Peter."
Horace, Sir, was delicate, was nice;
bserves he lash'd no sort of vice:
: would say, Sir Billy serv'd the Crown,
ould do buss'ness, Higgins knew the Town;
ho touch the failings of the sex,
rend bishops note some small neglects,
n the Spaniard did a waggish thing,
opt our ears, and sent them to the King.

His sly, polite, insinuating style
Could please at Court, and make Augustus smile:
An artful manager, that crept between
His friend and shame, and was a kind of screen.
But faith, your very friends will soon be sore;
Patriots there are who wish you'd jest no more—
And where's the glory? 'twill be only thought
The great man never offer'd you a groat.
Go, see Sir Robert—

P. See Sir Robert! hum—
And never laugh—for all my life to come?
See him I have; but in his happier hour
Of social pleasure, ill-exchang'd for pow'r;
Seen him, uncumber'd with a venal tribe,
Smile without art, and win without a bribe.
Would he oblige me? let me only find
He does not think me what he thinks mankind.
Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt;
The only diff'rence is—I dare laugh out.

F. Why, yes: with Scripture still you may be free;
A horse-laugh, if you please, at honesty,
A joke on Jekyll, or some odd old Whig,
Who never chang'd his principle or wig.
A patriot is a fool in ev'ry age,
Whom all lord chamberlains allow the stage:
These nothing hurts; they keep their passion still,
And wear their strange old virtue as they will.

EPILOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

If any ask you, "Who's the man so near
"His prince, that writes in verse, and has his e
Why answer Lyttleton! and I'll engage
The worthy youth shall ne'er be in a rage;
But were his verses vile, his whisper base,
You'd quickly find him in Lord Fanny's case.
Sejanus, Wolsey, hurt not honest Fleury,
But well may put some statesmen in a fury.
Laugh then at any but at fools or foes;
These you but anger, and you mend not those.
Laugh at your friends, and if your friends are sor
So much the better, you may laugh the more.
To vice and folly to confine the jest
Sets half the world, God knows, against the rest,
Did not the sneer of more impartial men
At sense and virtue balance all agen.
udicious wits spread wide the ridicule,
nd charitably comfort knave and fool.
P. Dear Sir, forgive the prejudice of youth:
dieu distinction, satire, warmth and truth!
me, harmless character that no one hit;
me, Henley's oratory, Osborne's wit!
e honey dropping from Fannia's tongue,
e flow'rs of Bubo, and the flow of Young!
gracious dew of pulpit eloquence,
all the well-whipt cream of courtly sense;

The first of H—vy's, F—'s next and then
The S—te's, and then H—vy's once agen.
O come! that easy Ciceronian style,
So Latin yet so English all the while.
As, tho' the pride of Middleton and Bland,
All boys may read and girls may understand!
Then might I sing without the least offence,
And all I sung should be the nation's sense;
Or teach the melancholy Muse to mourn,
Hang the sad verse on Carolina's urn,
And hail her passage to the realms of rest,
All parts perform'd, and all her children blest!
So—Satire is no more—I feel it die—
No Gazetteer more innocent than I—
And let, a God's name! ev'ry fool and knave
Be grac'd thro' life, and flatter'd in his grave.
F. Why so? if Satire knows its time and pla
You still may lash the greatest—in disgrace;
For merit will by turns forsake them all;
Would you know when? exactly when they fall
But let all satire in all changes spare
Immortal S—k, and grave De—re.
Silent and soft, as sai[illegible] remove to heav'n,
All ties disolv'd, and ev'ry sin forgiv'n,
These may some gentle ministerial wing
Receive, and place for ever near a king!

re, where no passion, pride, or shame, transport,
'd with the sweet nepenthe of a court;
re, where no father's, brother's, friend's, disgrace
: break their rest, or stir them from their place;
»ast the sense of human miseries,
:ears are wip'd for ever from all eyes:
:heek is known to blush, no heart to throb,
: when they lose a question or a job.
Good Heav'n forbid that I should blast their [glory,
» know how like Whig ministers to Tory
when three sov'reigns' dy'd could scarce be vext,
;id'ring what a gracious prince was next.
e I, in silent wonder, seen such things
»ride in slaves and avarice in kings?
at a peer or peeress shall I fret,
» starves a sister or forswears a debt?
ue, I grant you, is an empty boast;
shall the dignity of vice be lost?
Gods! shall Cibber's son, without rebuke,
ar like a lord, or Rich outwhore a duke?
v'rite porter with his master vie,
»rib'd as often, and as often lie?
l Ward draw contracts with a statesman's skill?
Japhet pocket, like his Grace, a will?
for Bond or Peter (paltry things)
»ay their debts, or keep their faith like kings?

If Blount dispatch'd himself, he play'd the man,
And so may'st thou, illustrious Passeran!
But shall a printer, weary of his life,
Learn from their books to hang himself and wife
This, this, my friend, I cannot, must not, bear;
Vice thus abus'd demands a nation's care;
This calls the church to deprecate our sin,
And hurls the thunder of the laws on gin.
Let modest Foster, if he will, excel
Ten metropolitans in preaching well;
A simple Quaker, or a Quaker's wife,
Outdo Landaffe in doctrine—yea in life:
Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.
Virtue may chuse the high or low degree,
'Tis just alike to Virtue and to me;
Dwell in a monk, or light upon a king,
She's till the same belov'd contented thing.
Vice is undone if she forgets her birth,
And stoops from angels to the dregs of earth;
But 'tis the fall degrades her to a whore;
Let greatness own her, and she's mean no more:
Her birth, her beauty, crowds and courts confess
Chaste matrons praise her, and grave bishops bless
In golden chains the willing world she draws,
And her's the gospel is, and her's the laws;

Mounts the tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,
And sees pale Virtue carted in her stead.
Lo! at the wheels of her triumphal car
Old England's Genius, rough with many a scar,
Dragg'd in the dust! his arms hang idly round,
His flag inverted trails along the ground!
Our youth, all liv'ry'd o'er with foreign gold,
Before her dance; behind her crawl the old!
See thronging millions to the pagod run,
And offer country, parent, wife, or son!
Hear her black trumpet thro' the land proclaim,
That not to be corrupted is the shame.
In soldier, churchman, patriot, man in pow'r,
'Tis av'rice all, ambition is no more!
See all our nobles begging to be slaves!
See all our fools aspiring to be knaves!
The wit of cheats, the courage of a whore,
Are what ten thousand envy and adore:
All, all look up, with reverential awe,
At crimes that 'scape or triumph o'er the law:
While truth, worth, wisdom, daily they decry—
"Nothing is sacred now but villainy."
Yet may this verse (if such a verse remain)
Show there was one who held it in disdain.

DIALOGUE II.

F. 'TIS all a libel—Paxton, Sir, will say.
P. Not yet, my Friend! to morrow, 'faith it may;
And for that very cause I print to-day.
How should I fret to mangle ev'ry line
In rev'rence to the sins of Thirty-nine?
Vice with such giant strides comes on amain,
Invention strives to be before in vain;
Feign what I will, and paint it e'er so strong,
Some rising genius sins up to my song.
F. Yet none but you by name the guilty lash;
Ev'n Guthry saves half Newgate by a dash.
Spare then the person, and expose the vice.
P. How, Sir! not damn the sharper, but the dice
Come on then, Satire! general unconfin'd,
Spread thy broad wing, and souse on all the kind.
Ye Statesmen, Priests, of our religion all!
Ye tradesmen, vile in army, court, or hall!
Ye rev'rend Atheists. F. Scandal! name them, who?
P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.
Who starv'd a sister, who forswore a debt,
I never nam'd; the Town's inquiring yet.
The poisoning dame—F. You mean—P. I don't—
F. You do.
P. See now I keep the secret, and not you!

The bribing statesman—F. Hold, too high you go.
P. The brib'd elector—F. There you stoop too low.
P. I fain would please you if I knew with what:
Tell me which knave is lawful game, which not.
Must great offenders, once escap'd the Crown,
Like royal harts be never more run down?
Admit your law to spare the knight requires,
As beasts of nature may we hunt the squires?
Suppose I censure—you know what I mean—
To save a bishop may I name a Dean?
F. A dean, Sir? no: his fortune is not made;
You hurt a man that's rising in the trade.
P. If not the tradesman who sets up to-day,
Much less the 'prentice, who to-morrow may.
Down, down, proud Satire! tho' a realm be spoil'd,
Arraign no mightier thief than wretched Wild;
Or, if a court or country's made a job,
Go drench a pickpocket, and join the mob.
But, Sir, I beg you (for the love of vice!)
The matter's weighty, pray consider twice:
Have you less pity for the needy cheat,
The poor and friendless villain, than the great?
Alas! the small discredit of a bribe
Scarce hurts the lawyer, but undoes the scribe.
Then better sure it charity becomes
To tax directors, who (thank God!) have plums;

Still better ministers, or if the thing
May pinch ev'n there—Why lay it on a king.
F. Stop! stop!
P. Must Satire then nor rise nor fall?
Speak out, and bid me blame no rogues at all.
F. Yes, strike that Wild, I'll justify the blow.
P. Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years ag
Who now that obsolete example fears?
Ev'n Peter trembles only for his ears.
F. What, always Peter? Peter thinks you mad
You make them desp'rate if they once are bad,
Else might he take to virtue some years hence—
P. As S—k, if he lives, will love the prince.
F. Strange spleen to S—k!
P. Do I wrong the man?
God knows I praise a courtier where I can.
When I confess there is who feels for fame,
And melts to goodness, need I Scarb'row name?
Pleas'd let me own, in Esher's peaceful grove,
(Where Kent and Nature vie for Pelham's love,)
The scene, the master op'ning to my view,
I sit and dream I see my Craggs anew!
Ev'n in a bishop I can spy desert;
Secker is decent, Rundel has a heart;
Manners with candour are to Benson giv'n,
To Berkley ev'ry virtue under Heav'n.

EPILOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

But does the Court a worthy man remove?
That instant, I declare, he has my love:
I shun his zenith, court his mild decline;
Thus Somers once and Halifax were mine.
Oft' in the clear still mirror of retreat
I study'd Shrewsbury, the wise and great:
Carleton's calm sense and Stanhope's noble flame
Compar'd, and knew their gen'rous end the same
How pleasing Atterbury's softer hour!
How shin'd the soul, unconquer'd, in the Tow'r!
How can I Pultney, Chesterfield, forget,
While Roman spirit charms, and Attic wit?
Argyle, the state's whole thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the senate and the field?
Or Wyndham, just to freedom and the throne,
The master of our passions and his own?
Names which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain,
'ank'd with their friends, nor number'd with their
nd if yet higher the proud list should end, [train;
ill let me say, no foll'wer, but a friend.
Yet think nor friendship only prompts my lays;
llow virtue; where she shines I praise.
it she to priest or elder, Whig or Tory,
round a Quaker's beaver cast a glory.
ver (to my sorrow I declare)
l with the Man of Ross or my Lord Mayr.

Some in their choice of friends (nay, look not grave)
Have still a secret bias to a knave:
To find an honest man I beat about,
And love him, court him, praise him, in or out.
F. Then why so few commended?
P. Not so fierce;
Find you the virtue and I'll find the verse.
But random praise—the task can ne'er be done;
Each mother asks it for her booby son.
Each widow asks it for the best of men,
For him she weeps, and him she weds agen.
Praise cannot stoop, like Satire, to the ground;
The number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.
Enough for half the greatest of these days
To 'scape my censure, not expect my praise.
Are they not rich? what more can they pretend?
Dare they to hope a poet for their friend?
What Richleu wanted Louis scarce could gain,
And what young Ammon wish'd, but wish'd in vain.
No pow'r the Muses friendship can command;
No pow'r when Virtue claims it, can withstand.
To Cato, Virgil paid one honest line;
O let my country's friends illumine mine!
—What are you thinking? F. Faith the thought's no sin;
I think your friends are out, and would be in.
P. If merely to come in, Sir, they go out,
The way they take is strangely round about.

F. They too may be corrupted, you'll allow?
P. I only call those knaves who are so now.
Is that to little? come then, I'll comply—
Spirit of Arnall! aid me while I lie.
Cobham's a coward, Polwarth is a slave,
And Lyttleton a dark designing knave;
St. John has ever been a wealthy fool—
But let me add, Sir Robert's mighty dull,
Has never made a friend in private life,
And was, besides, a tyrant to his wife.
But pray, when others praise him do I blame?
Call Verres, Wolsey, any odious name?
Why rail they then if but a wreath of mine,
Oh all accomplish'd St. John! deck thy shrine?
What! shall each spurr-gall'd hackney of the day,
When Paxton gives him double pots and pay,
Or each new-pension'd sycophant pretend
To break my windows if I treat a friend,
Then wisely plead to me they meant no hurt,
But 'twas my guest at whom they threw the dirt?
Sure if I spare the minister, no rules
Of honour bind me not to maul his tools;
Sure if they cannot cut, it may be said,
His saws are toothless, and his hatchets lead.
It anger'd Turrene, once upon a day,
To see a footman kick'd that took his pay;

But when he heard th' affront the fellow gave,
Knew one a man of honour, one a knave,
The prudent gen'ral turn'd it to a jest,
And begg'd he'd take the pains to kick the rest;
Which not at present having time to do—
F. Hold, Sir! for God's sake; where's th' affront to
Against your Worship when had S—k writ? [you
Or P—ge pour'd forth the torrent of his wit?
Or grant the bard whose distich all commend
(In pow'r a servant, out of pow'r a friend)
To W—le guilty of some venial sin,
What's that to you, who ne'er was out nor in?
The priest whose flattery bedropp'd the crown
How hurt he you? he only stain'd the gown.
And how did, pray, the florid youth offend,
Whose speech you took, and gave it to a friend?
P. Faith it imports not much from whom it came;
Whoever borrow'd could not be to blame,
Since the whole House did afterwards the same.
Let courtly wits to wits afford supply,
As hog to hog in huts of Westphaly:
If one, thro' Nature's bounty or his lord's,
Has what the frugal dirty soil affords,
From him the next receives it, thick or thin,
As pure a mess almost as it came in;
The blessed benefit, not there confin'd,
Drops to the third, who nuzzles close behind;

From tail to mouth they feed and they carouse;
The last full fairly gives it to the House.
F. This filthy simile, this beastly line,
Quite turns my stomach—P. So does flatt'ry mine;
And all your courtly civet-cats can vent,
Perfume to you, to me is excrement.
But hear me further—Japhet, 'tis agreed,
Writ not, and Chatres scarce could write or read;
In all the courts of Pindus guiltless quite;
But pens can forge, my friend, that cannot write;
And must no egg in Japhet's face be thrown,
Because the deed he forg'd was not my own?
Must never patriot then declaim at gin,
Unless, good man! he has been fairly in?
No zealous pastor blame a failing spouse
Without a staring reas'ning on his brows?
And each blasphemer quite escape the rod,
Because the insult's not on man, but God?
Ask you what provocation I have had?
The strong antipathy of good to bad.
When truth or virtue an affront endures,
Th' affront is mine, my friend, and should be your's.
Mine as a foe profess'd to false pretence,
Who think a coxcomb's honour like his sense;
Mine as a friend to ev'ry worthy mind;
And mine as man, who feel for all mankind.

F. You're strangely proud.
P. So proud, I am no slave;
So impudent, I own myself no knave;
So odd my country's ruin makes me grave.
Yes, I am proud; I must be proud to see
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me;
Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
Yet touch'd and sham'd by ridicule alone.
O sacred weapon! left for truth's defence,
Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence!
To all but heav'n directed hands deny'd,
The Muse may give thee, but the gods must guide:
Rev'rent I touch thee! but with honest zeal,
To rouse the watchmen of the public weal,
To Virtue's work provoke the tardy hall,
And goad the prelate slumb'ring in his stall.
Ye tinsel insects! whom a court maintains,
That counts your beauties only by your stains,
Spin all your cobwebs o'er the eye of Day,
The Muse's wing shall brush you all away:
All his Grace preaches, all his Lordship sings,
All that makes saints of queens, and gods of kin
All, all but truth, drops dead-born from the pr
Like the last Gazette or the last Address.
When black Ambition stains a public cause,
A monarch's sword when mad vain glory dra

No Waller's wreath can hide the Nation's scar,
Not Boileau turn the feather to a star.
  Not so when diadem'd with rays divine,
Touch'd with the flame that breaks from Virtue's shrine,
Her priestess Muse forbids the good to die,
And opes the temple of Eternity.
There other trophies deck the truly brave
Than such as Anstis casts into the grave;
Far other stars then * and * * wear,
And may descend to Mordington from Stair!
(Such as on Hough's unsully'd mitre shine,
Or beam, good Digby! from a heart like thine.)
Let envy howl, while heav'ns whole chorus sings,
And bark at honour not conferr'd by kings;
Let Flatt'ry sick'ning see the incense rise,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies:
Truth guards the poet, sanctifies the line,
And makes immortal verse as mean as mine.
  Yes, the last pen for freedom let me draw,
When truth stands trembling on the edge of law.
Here, last of Britons! let your names be read:
Are none, none living? let me praise the dead;
And for that cause which made your fathers shine,
Fall by the votes of their degen'rate line.
  F. Alas! alas! pray end what you began,
And write next winter more Essays on Man.

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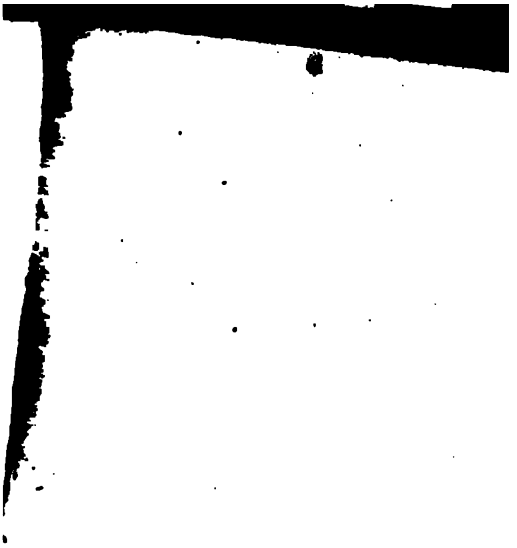

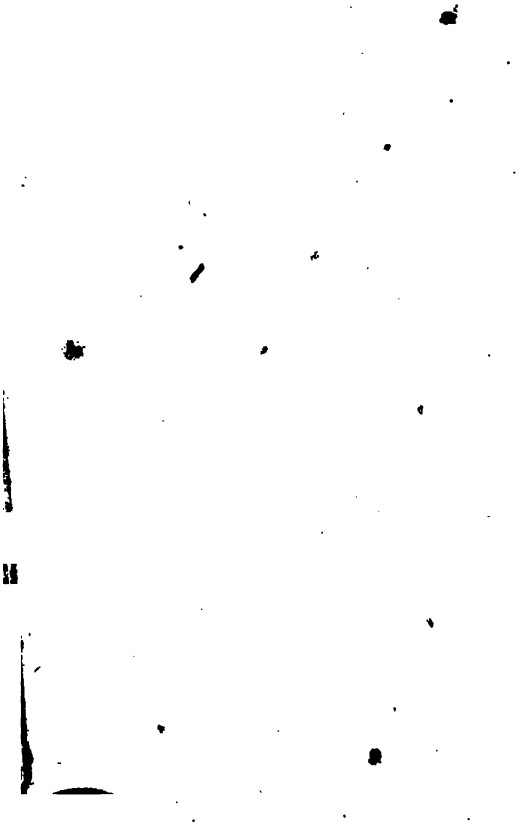

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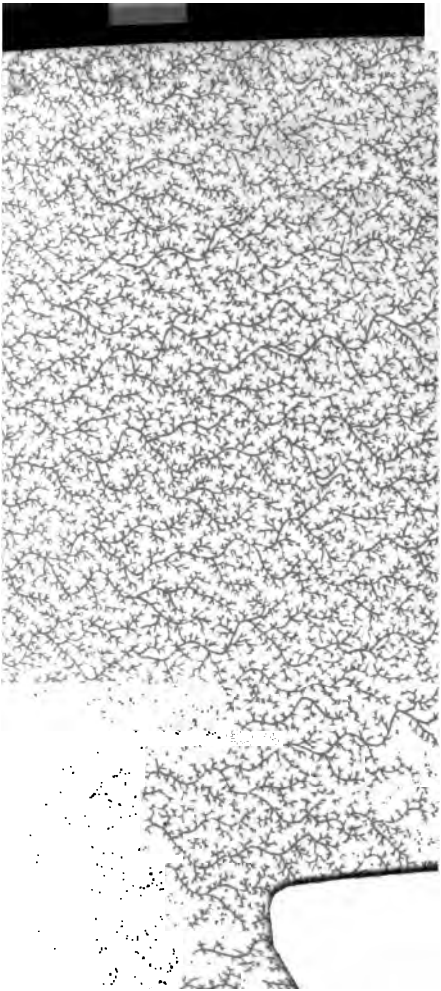
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